SEE ARTICLE "THE LACK OF CURRENCY IN THE WEST AND SOUTH."

HARPER'S WEEKLY

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

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"DEAD MAN'S CURVE"—NEW YORK'S MOST DANGEROUS CROSSING.

An Every-day Scene at the Corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street.—Drawn by W. A. Rogers.—[See "This Busy World," Page 311.]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

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IS THE MONEY QUESTION TO BE ABANDONED?

SEVERAL Republican newspapers, published in different parts of the country, are very much exercised by reason of the WEEKLY'S attitude towards the extra session and the proposed tariff legislation. One of them has this to say: "As a matter of fact, every gold Democrat who voted for McKINLEY was impelled by the conviction that the necessity for the maintenance of the national credit was paramount to his own prejudices on the tariff question." This is perfectly true. He was also led to suppose that Mr. McKINLEY and his party were moved by like considerations.

It is not true that the Democrats and Independents who voted for Mr. McKINLEY accepted the tariff policy of the Republican party, or had reason to believe that the first efforts of the new administration were to be directed to increasing taxes in order that private interests might be benefited. On the other hand, it is undoubtedly true that it was recognized as inevitable that an effort would be made to revise the tariff in the interest of protected industries; but in the midst of the campaign, and while the struggle for the maintenance of the national honor was arousing the patriotism and eliciting the best efforts of the opponents of Mr. BRYAN, there was little reason to suppose that as soon as the victory of the friends of sound money had placed a Republican in the Presidency, the money problem was to be sent to the rear and the tariff brought to the front in such an extravagant bill as Mr. DINGLEY has prepared, and as Mr. McKINLEY appears to approve of in his message.

Let us glance at the history of the campaign for a moment. It was not until the eve of the nomination of Mr. McKINLEY that the managers of his party were brought to a realization of the necessity for declaring explicitly in favor of the gold standard. The campaign for the nomination was conducted on the tariff issue. When Mr. McKINLEY was called the "advance-agent of prosperity," it was meant that his influence was to be exerted for the restoration of the high duties of the tariff law which bore his name. It was essential to such a campaign that the silver Republicans should be placated, that they should be held to the Republican party by promises of friendly dealing in behalf of silver. Mr. McKINLEY'S record as a bimetallist and a supporter of silver legislation was depended on for the purpose not only of gaining votes for him, but of preventing a bolt from his party in the mining-camp States after his nomination. After a campaign like this, the theory that the tariff issue was paramount was naturally abandoned with great reluctance, and only in obedience to the demands of the emergency. It was finally recognized, however, by the wiser among the Republican leaders that the immediate work in hand was the saving of the country from the threatened attack upon its honor, and the money system from the assaults of the silver men who had, in effect, already captured the coming Democratic convention.

It was upon the distinct understanding that the Republican party was to save the country from repudiation and depreciated currency that at least a million Democrats voted for Mr. McKINLEY, and that other Democrats, who could not vote for him conscientiously, put into the field a ticket of their own which aided materially in the defeat of Mr. BRYAN. Mr. McKINLEY could not have been elected but for the Democratic votes cast directly for him, and he could not have had these votes but for the belief that the first concern of himself and his party would be the reformation of our currency system. The expectation of the late campaign was not only the immediate defeat of Mr. BRYAN; it was the final overthrow of the dishonest-money movement, and the re-establishment of our currency system on so sound a basis that there would be left inherent in it no silver poison whatever, and that there would be no longer any power residing in the government's own paper to drain the Treasury of its gold. It was, moreover, justly to be expected that every effort would be made to remedy certain undoubted evils in our banking system by reason of which large sections of the country are without proper banking facilities—for it was the existence of these evils that had greatly strengthened, if they had not aided in engendering, the movement which had finally culminated in the nomination of Mr. BRYAN and the adoption of the socialistic Chicago platform.

By the time that Mr. McKINLEY wrote his letter of acceptance he had himself become impressed with the overshadowing importance of the money question. He had recognized in one or two speeches the necessity of clinging to the gold standard, and in his letter of acceptance, after discussing the tariff policy of his party, he had used this language:

> If, as Republicans, we have lately addressed our attention with what may seem great stress and earnestness to the new and unexpected assault upon the financial integrity of the government, we have done it because the menace is so grave as to demand special consideration.

Having thus stated that the money issue was paramount, Mr. McKINLEY asked for the support of men of all parties on this issue. The Democrats and independents who supported him in response to this invitation believed that he and his party would abide by the promise, and those who had been doubtful were reassured. It is true that during the course of the campaign an incident occurred that, to those who knew of it, seemed to be of evil foreboding. The National Committee, to the great danger of the campaign, actually tried to force the tariff issue to the front in some of the Western States; but the campaign documents on this subject were so promptly returned by the local committeemen, who at the same time informed the National Committee that the people would read currency literature only, that it was hoped that the incident would clearly show that the tariff question not only was not paramount, but could not be made so.

The campaign having ended in the triumph of the Republican candidate, the money question seems to have been at once forgotten. The Republican leaders in the Senate hastened to turn their backs on gold Democrats like Mr. VILAS, Mr. GRAY, and others, and to seek an alliance with the silver men. It was well understood in Washington, for example, that under an agreement between the Republicans and the silver Democrats confirmation was refused to gold Democrats whom Mr. CLEVELAND appointed to office. Although Mr. McKINLEY himself had declared in his letter of acceptance that "the silver question is not the only issue affecting our money in the pending contest," not one serious step was taken during the late session by the responsible party looking to a reform of the evils of which Mr. McKINLEY said, "a graver menace to our financial standing and credit can hardly be conceived." And now that the Republicans are in full power it is proposed to leave untouched the bad system which, without the enactment of an additional section to the statute-book, will enable a President like Mr. BRYAN to repudiate the national obligations, and to force the country to a silver basis. All this neglect of public and patriotic duty is in the interest of private individuals and corporations.

To return to the WEEKLY'S critic: Every sound-money Democrat and independent is still willing to forget "his own prejudices on the tariff question" for the sake of preserving the nation's honor. But he is no more willing to see the nation's honor sacrificed in the interest of protected manufacturers than in the interest of silver-mine owners. Moreover, is there no duty owing by Republicans? They not only should also forget their "prejudices on the tariff question," but they have induced Democrats and independents to vote for Mr. McKINLEY on the understanding that they will do so. To postpone the money question to the tariff question, in view of the facts that we have here recited, is nothing more nor less on the part of the Republican leaders than a breach of faith and a violation of honor.

THE LATEST AND WORST AMENDMENT.

THE Senate Foreign Relations Committee at Washington has recognized that public sentiment favors the arbitration treaty, but it is not a frank and full recognition. On the contrary, it is an attempt to hoodwink the country by a specious new amendment. The insult to the King of Sweden proposed by the old committee is retained, but Mr. LODGE'S provision that national policies and treaty relations may not be the subject of arbitration has been abandoned, and Mr. DAVIS has withdrawn his amendment in which he, consciously or unconsciously, formulated the early desires of Lord SALISBURY out of which Mr. OLNEY had argued the British Premier. But in the place of these two amendments a new provision is incorporated. Substantially, the new provision attaches a string to the treaty, one end of which is in the hands of the United States Senate. The Senators insist that each question, as it arises, shall be submitted to the whole treaty-making power of the United States before being made a subject for discussion and decision before the arbitral tribunal.

A rather taking argument is sent out to the press as an accompaniment to this amendment. It is to the effect that the whole treaty-making power of Great Britain will determine whether or not a question comes within the scope of the treaty, and that therefore the whole treaty-making power of the United States should speak in behalf of this country. The weakness of this consists in the fact that Great Britain is definitely pledged by this treaty to submit to arbitration all cases clearly enough described in the treaty. If the Senate should adopt the amendment submitted by the Committee on Foreign Relations, and Great Britain should agree to the amended treaty, the result would be that Great Britain would stand pledged to general arbitration, while the United States would be free to arbitrate or not in each case as the Senate of the United States might see fit to decide.

If the treaty should stand so amended, we should present a very pitiful spectacle to the world. Great Britain has announced that she is ready at all times to prefer the peaceful method of settling a difficulty. She has taken her stand, so far as her attitude to this country is concerned, as the friend of peace, and as ready to submit to a tribunal of international justice all questions affecting interests mutual to herself and this country. On the other hand, the Senate of the United States insists that it shall always have the privilege of preferring war; and as the Senate has the constitutional right to destroy as well as to ratify treaties, it may force this country to its own attitude, notwithstanding the fact that the people are intensely in earnest in wishing the treaty ratified as it came from Mr. OLNEY and Sir JULIAN PAUNCEFOTE. The amendment should be defeated. While a two-thirds vote is necessary for the ratification of the treaty, a majority vote will defeat the amendment, and there ought to be enough Senators who realize the strength of the wishes of the American people for peace to bring to naught this attempt on the part of the Senate committee to evade the necessity of a complete surrender to popular opinion. We are sure, at all events, that it will go hard with those Senators who invite the defeat of this treaty by the adoption of this amendment, if, indeed, as a result of such action the treaty should eventually be withdrawn.

WATER WASTE AND WASTE PREVENTION.

COLONEL WARING'S recent papers on "The Brooklyn Water Famine," in these columns, are full of suggestion and caution for those who, like the authorities of Brooklyn, are perplexed by a fancied need to seek new and more abundant sources. It is assumed in Brooklyn that the city has already exhausted, or will soon exhaust, the possibilities of its present resources. As a matter of fact, there is an ample supply for twice the present population. If the city ever should run short, it need only to cross the river and buy what it requires from New York, whose aqueduct is good for the supply of ten million people and all their industries.

No large population can use more than thirty gallons per head per day. It can easily waste five, or perhaps ten, gallons more per head; but forty gallons is abundant for both waste and use. The total supply to the pipage for New York and Brooklyn is more than one hundred gallons per head per day. What is referred to in Colonel WARING'S papers as "the sub-irrigation of the site of the town" is the destination of nearly all, if not quite all, of the sixty or more gallons, brought in at enormous cost, which never reach the consumer even to be wasted by him, which saturate ground that ought to be kept dry, and which are from every point of view worse than lost. To recall Mr. ISAAC NEWTON'S remark about New York water leaking into the ground, "it does no good to any human being."

It is this worse-than-wasted water that brings us all our woe. It is here that we should seek for-

the new supply, about which Brooklyn and so many other cities are anxious, and for which they are considering huge projects of costly extension. They have only to close up the cracks and holes of the "rapidly leaking reservoir" to divert to their own ample use the great volumes which are now running away into the ground.

Another consideration, almost as important as quantity, is that of "head," or pressure. It was shown in Liverpool that water, under the old system of leakage, flowed with little force at the surface of the street. When the leakage was stopped, an effective fire service was secured without the aid of engines; the hydrant water could be thrown over the tops of the buildings. The same result might be reached here by making proper use of the pressure which is now forcing more than one-half of the whole supply through the various imperfections of the pipage, to find its way into the rivers by underground channels. The stopping of this hidden leakage would more than double the "head" available for useful delivery.

That it is possible to stop this leakage has been clearly shown by ample English experience. We have no new experiment to try, and no new field to explore. The laws of hydraulics are operative here as they are there, and their like application would surely produce like results. It is to be understood that what is here proposed will in no wise limit the freest and most abundant use of water by all the people. No restrictions need be placed on the supply of houses and factories. All that is required is to *stop hidden waste*, and then to check house waste so far as this can be done without inconvenience to consumers.

THE ASSAULT ON THE FOREST RESERVES.

It will be recollected that Mr. Cleveland celebrated Washington's birthday by adding about 21,000,000 acres to the forest reservations. There was a general consensus of sentiment that the President had done something good for the country; for even those who know little practically of the value of forest-preservation or of scientific tree-culture realize that there is a good deal involved in the effort to prevent the destruction of trees, and it is also known that if the depredations on the forest lands are to continue great havoc will be wrought, not only to the forests, but to industrial, commercial, and agricultural interests.

The order which President Cleveland issued was based upon a report made by the Forestry Commission of the National Academy of Sciences, which visited the reserves last summer. This commission found that it was absolutely necessary that something should be done at once, and pending the preparation of legislation, or the timber-cutters would lay bare the country. Therefore the order was issued. It was not intended, in fixing the limits of the new reserves, to exclude from the forests all wood-cutters, for a certain amount of wood-cutting is essential, or to retain in the limits of the forests unoccupied lands, as mineral lands and lands that may be better employed as agricultural lands. The commissioners are studying the subject of legislation and are preparing to formulate a bill for the purpose of opening the reserves to use—*i. e.*, to a proper use. As the commission itself says, "It has never been the desire of the commission to restrict the natural development of any resources contained in the reserves, but, on the contrary, to recommend the widest use of all their resources, mines as well as others, compatible with the preservation of the forests upon them."

The immediate purpose of the order was, as we have said, to stop depredation until proper legislation could be framed. The chief depredators are great mining corporations, like the Anaconda in Montana and the Homestake in South Dakota. These corporations cut millions of feet of timber every year on the permits granted by the Interior Department under the law. Some of the timber thus cut is at least 100 miles from the corporations' mines. The value of the timber taken under these permits mounts into the millions. In the mean time small settlers cannot obtain the timber that they actually need.

In view of what was to be prevented and of what was to be accomplished, it might have been supposed that the order would be left undisturbed. But the timber-depredators had the ear of the Senate, and an amendment annulling the order was added by that body to the sundry civil bill. The Senate insisted on a free field for the timber-cutters, but the House objected, and amended the Senate's proviso, and finally the bill failed to obtain the signature of the President. So the order stands.

Nevertheless it is already attacked in the present Congress. The corporations that have received permits to cut are not likely to drop their valuable perquisites without a further struggle. But it is well for the country to understand that if Mr. McKinley or Congress rescinds the order of President Cleveland, the act will be in the interest of the timber-cutters and against the interests of the country dependent on the water-supply nourished by these forests.

REPUBLICANISM AND THE CIVIL SERVICE.

It is reported from Washington that certain Republican members of Congress are preparing for a grand rush against the civil service law; that they will seek, in the first place, to prevail upon President McKinley to rescind the executive order by which President Cleveland largely extended the operation of the rules; and that, having thus set the ball rolling, they expect to overthrow the whole civil service reform system without further difficulty. Rumor also has it that the Hon. Charles Henry Grosvenor, who represents the Eleventh District of Ohio, will lead the assault. This is hard to believe.

To be sure, Mr. Grosvenor has been opposed to civil service reform in the common acceptation of the word. He has frankly said so on various occasions. He has made no secret of it that he prefers, and would like to revive, the so-called spoils practices which prevailed in all departments of the government in the "good old time" before the civil service law was enacted. To judge from the vivacity of his language, his feelings on that subject are strong. And yet it cannot be that he should lead an attack upon civil service reform with intent to kill or maim. This belief is based upon the best of reasons.

Mr. Grosvenor is a Republican of Republicans. There is not the slightest flavor of mugwumpery in his composition. He would despise himself if there were. He prides himself upon being a party man, thorough and loyal in the strongest sense of the term. To him a resolution contained in the party platform is the expression of the will of the party; and the will of the party involves to him a moral obligation of a force no less binding than any of the ten commandments. He will not tolerate any deviation from it, upon penalty of excommunication. On the 26th of February last he rose in the House of Representatives and solemnly laid down the law thus: "Mr. Speaker: Important declarations in political platforms are never the result of accident, but are always the result of design. They are always born of conditions existing in the constituents of the party that gives the utterance. The Republican convention at St. Louis was a representative body of a great party in the country, and the men who went there and represented their several constituencies understood the conditions at home. They did not go to St. Louis to declare a platitude, nor to make a declaration that was not demanded by existing conditions, and that was not in consonance with the opinions of their constituents. . . . It was an occasion that will be a warning to a great many men in this country that they must obey party dictation and follow party standards, or cease to be members of that party." And when, after this solemn announcement, another Republican member, perhaps of uneasy conscience, ventured to ask, "What does the gentleman mean by that?" Mr. Grosvenor sternly replied, "I mean exactly what I say."

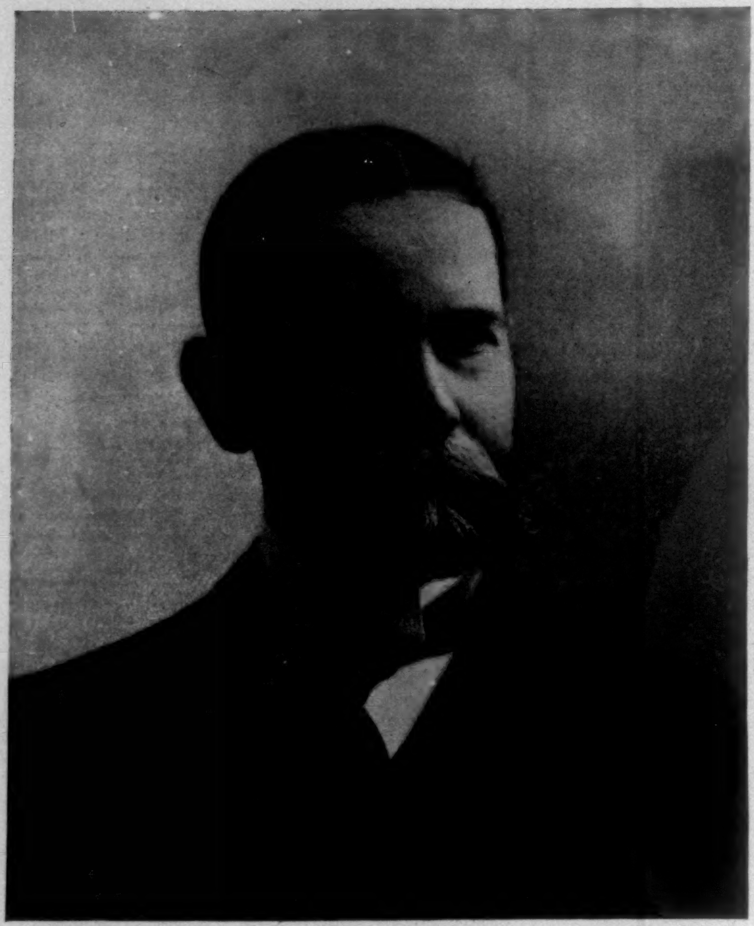
The declaration thus put forth by Mr. Grosvenor was general in its nature. It did not merely refer to the subject under discussion, but to all articles of the party creed; for Mr. Grosvenor is not the kind of Republican who would permit any one to pick out from a party platform one mandate that he would be pleased to obey, and another that he would feel at liberty to reject, and still claim recognition as a loyal, regular party man. To question either the general meaning or the sincerity of so unequivocal and emphatic an utterance would be doing Mr. Grosvenor gross injustice. No doubt he "meant exactly what he said." All that is necessary, therefore, to determine Mr. Grosvenor's attitude with regard to civil service reform is to inquire what the Republican platform says about it. Fortunately its language is clear. On the 16th of June, 1896, the Republican National Convention spoke as follows: "The civil service law was placed on the statute-book by the Republican party, which has always sustained it, and we renew our repeated declarations that it shall be thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable."

Orthodox and loyal Republican that he is, Mr. Grosvenor will unhesitatingly bow to this commanding deliverance. He will spurn with contempt the suggestion which some frivolous person might make, that this was a hasty, ill-considered, accidental utterance smuggled into the platform by some "faddist." He will remember that it was only a repetition of what every Republican National Convention has invariably declared during a quarter of a century; for since 1872 there has been no Republican national platform without this clear and emphatic pledge. It may therefore, in the language of Mr. Grosvenor, well be said that this declaration for civil service reform was "never the result of accident, but always the result of design, born of conditions existing in the constituents of the party that gave the utterance." Nor will he forget that when the Republican party, through its national convention in St. Louis, made the promise thoroughly and honestly to enforce the civil service law, and wherever practicable to extend it, the order of President Cleveland, of which some Republicans complain, was fully known to it, as it had been nearly six weeks in operation as part of the system. And not only does the Republican party through its platform stand pledged to enforce all this honestly and thoroughly, but even to go beyond it by further extension of the operation of the law wherever practicable. Nor will Mr. Grosvenor lose sight of the significant fact that Mr. McKinley, the Republican candidate for the Presidency, emphatically acknowledged his obligation. "The pledge of the Republican National Convention," said he, in his letter of acceptance, "that our civil service laws shall be sustained and 'thoroughly and honestly enforced and extended wherever practicable,' is in keeping with the position of the party for the past twenty-four years, and will be faithfully observed."

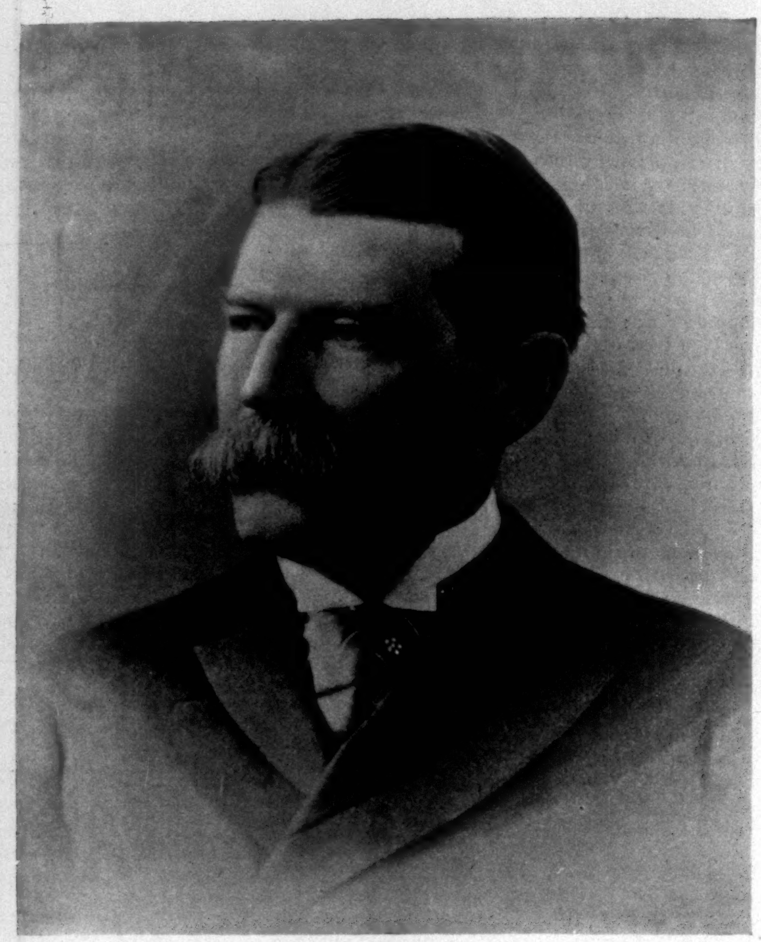
Can it be imagined that Mr. Grosvenor, in flagrant defiance of the repeated declarations and pledges put forth by the Republican platforms, would lead or even countenance an assault upon the civil service law? Impossible! If he thus refused to "obey party dictation and to follow party standards," he would, according to his own words, "cease to be a member of the Republican party." He would be obliged with his own voice to pronounce the sentence of excommunication upon all Republicans who might follow his leadership. He will, therefore, as a true Republican party man, bravely subdue his belligerent impulses, loyally recognize and "obey party dictation and follow party standards," and faithfully co-operate with the Republican President in honestly and thoroughly enforcing the civil service law, and in extending it wherever practicable.

To be sure, when doing so, he will have to disavow some hot words pronounced by himself in unguarded moments when a rebellious temper ran away with his Republicanism. His friends and well-wishers, of whom there are many, will no doubt be willing to forget them. But when he has recovered his cool Republican state of mind, he will soon find that the things which irritated him are not as bad as he once thought. He will remember that, while the extension of the civil service rules made by Mr. Cleveland covered a number of Democrats who had during his term been put in office, only Republicans were in office when President Arthur signed the civil service law, and a great many Republicans had just been put in office when President Harrison extended it. He will remember that at the beginning of President Harrison's administration about 1800 railway mail clerks were removed to make room for Republicans just before the railway mail service was placed under the rules. He will remember that when, subsequently, the Democrats having returned to power, an attempt was made to open their places again to the persons so removed, the civil service reformers, who are by strict party men usually classed as mugwumps, with one voice protested against such a measure. And if he will take the trouble to inquire, he will doubtless find that to-day the number of Republicans in the classified service is vastly greater than that of Democrats. He will find, moreover, that if any of the places covered by Mr. Cleveland's order are occupied by persons unfit for their official duties, there is nothing in the civil service law to prevent their removal. Of course such vacancies will then have to be filled, not with persons selected by political patrons, but according to the result of competitive examinations open to all. But Mr. Grosvenor, once firmly planted on the Republican platform, will easily come to recognize this as a public benefit.

The honorable gentleman, it is to be hoped, will not object to this application of the Republican party creed by one who is given to independent action in politics. Mr. Grosvenor has laid down his own law; and nobody can complain of injustice who is judged according to the standard set up by himself. Carl Schurz.



COLONEL JOHN HAY,
Ambassador to Great Britain.



GENERAL HORACE PORTER,
Ambassador to France.

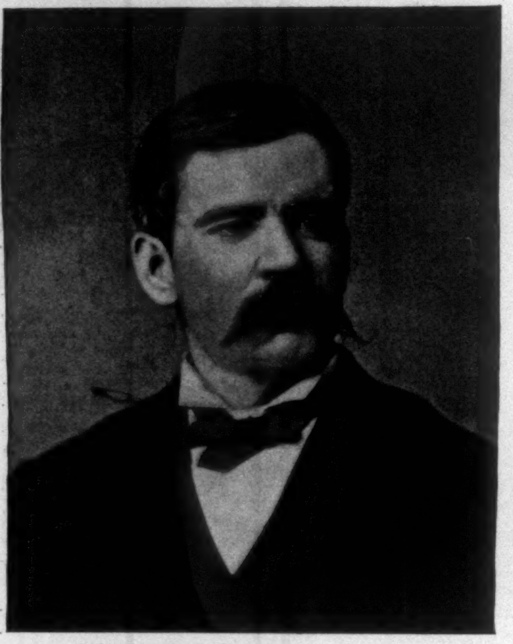
THE NEW AMBASSADORS.

PRESIDENT MCKINLEY, according to the testimony of his political opponents, as well as of his political supporters, has done particularly well in his choice of our principal representatives abroad.

The English embassy is by far the most important post in our diplomatic service. Unusual, and usually very successful, pains have been taken in the selection of the man to fill it. It may be true that Colonel Hay would not have been selected for it except for his long and intimate friendship with the President. Upon "public form" it cannot be said, perhaps, that he has "served up to it," his domestic service having been confined to his assistant private-secretaryship, when he was little more than a boy, to President Lincoln, in the course of which he served as an aide-de-camp to Generals Hunter and Gilmore, and won the brevet of his military title. His diplomatic service has been rendered as First Secretary of Legation at Paris, Chargé d'Affaires at Vienna, and Secretary of Legation at Madrid. The literary results of these experiences were the monumental *Life of Lincoln*, which he prepared in collaboration with his colleague Mr. Nicolay, and a pleasant volume entitled *Castilian Days*.

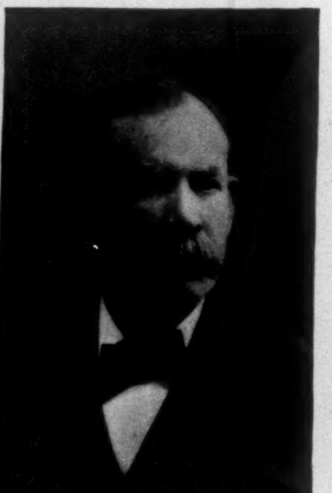
After the conclusion of his service at Washington he betook himself to literature and to journalism, serving for some years as a writer for the New York *Tribune*. He married the daughter of Amasa Stone, of Cleveland, and in 1875 took up his residence in that city. He is the author of a volume of poems, of which the serious contents are more commendable for intention than for execution, but of which the humorous verses, in dialect or doggerel, the "Pike County Ballads," contain some of the American classics in that kind. The vogue of "Little Breeches" and "Jim Bludso," in particular, has been remarkable, and they are still current. For nearly twenty years Colonel Hay has resided in Washington, and has played a leading part in the social life of the capital. He is fifty-nine years old.

General Horace Porter, the new ambassador to France, is a year older, to the perpetual astonishment of his acquaintances. Nobody would give him his age within a decade, although of course a man who was an aide-de-camp of Grant throughout the civil war cannot have been born yesterday. It may be fortuitous, but it is none the less worth noting, that the two most attractive and conspicuous diplomatic posts should be bestowed upon those confidential friends of the two principal heroes of the civil war who have devoted themselves since to doing honor to the memory of their respective chiefs. General Porter's literary commemoration is even now going on in some very interesting magazine papers, which will doubtless be collected. But his most conspicuous homage to Grant is the monument at the north end of Riverside Drive, which owes its existence to his untiring devotion. Without him it is safe to say that a memorial so costly and so adequate could not have been erected. Although a West-Pointer, General Porter left the army eight years after the close of the war and engaged in business, in which he has been very successful, having for many years been an officer of the Pullman Company. One fruit of his military training and experience has been an unequalled capacity for arranging public processions. His skill in this has been lately shown in the sound-money parade in New York last October and in the inaugural parade at Washington. As no New-Yorker needs to be told, he is one of the most acceptable of after-dinner speakers. Perhaps this is not so desirable at Paris as at London; but fortunately General Porter can make speeches in French—not the dead language which is understood to be inculcated at West Point under that name, but as it is actually spoken in France.

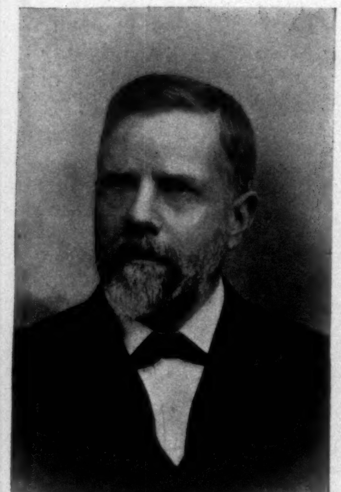


HOMER DODGE MARTIN.—[SEE PAGE 323.]

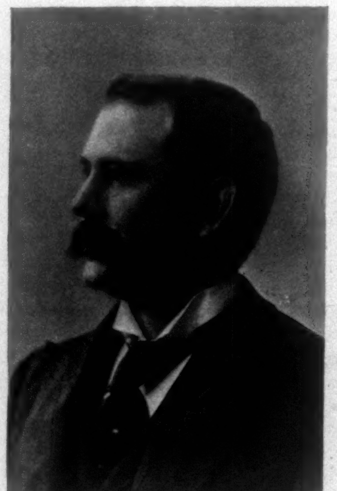
HENRY HEITFELD, OF IDAHO.



JOSEPH L. RAWLINS, OF UTAH.
Photographed by Fox & Symons



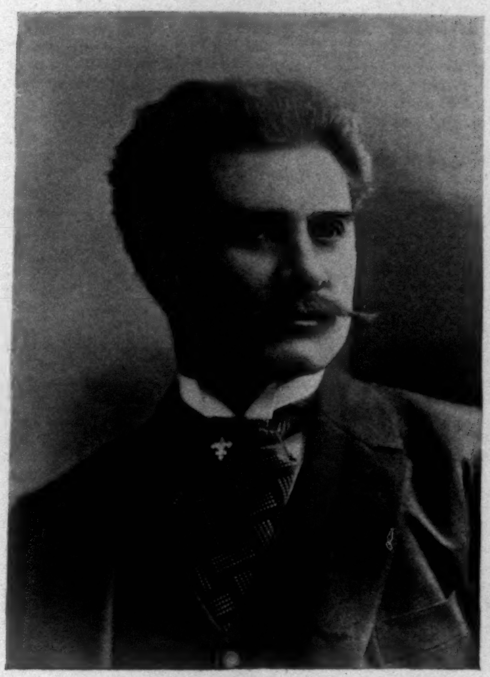
JOHN A. HENDERSON, OF FLORIDA.



GEORGE F. TURNER, OF WASHINGTON.

NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.—[SEE PAGE 322.]

LILLI LEHMANN.



PAUL KALISCH.
Photograph by Falk.

LILLIAN NORDICA.
From a Copyrighted Photograph by Aimé Dupont.

THE GERMAN OPERA SEASON IN NEW YORK.—[See "Music and Drama," Page 310.]

GREECE, CRETE, AND EUROPE.

The situation created by Greece's intervention in Crete strikingly resembles that which existed eleven years ago, when the little kingdom was striving to extend her rule northward. At that time, however, the Greek position was in some respects stronger than it is to-day. From the diplomatic point of view Greece had, if no color of title, at least a plausible claim. The Berlin Congress of 1878 had recommended the cession to Greece of Thessaly and of a considerable part of Epirus; the signatory powers had promised, in the Berlin treaty, to facilitate by their "mediation" the negotiations with the Porte; but after several fruitless conferences and costly preparations for war, Greece had been forced, in 1881, to content herself with something less than the whole of Thessaly and a mere corner of Epirus. The ministry that accepted this compromise was overthrown and censured in the following year, and in 1885 Greece demanded again the frontier promised at Berlin. For her present movement against Turkish rule in Crete she has no such diplomatic warrant. As recently as 1887, when she requested the powers to secure from the Porte some concessions to the Cretan Christians, she received from governmental Europe the unanimous reply that she had no right to interfere in "the internal affairs" of Turkey.

In 1885, again, Greece was able to allege a more plausible political reason for her action than she can now produce. The revolution in Rumelia and the union of that province with Bulgaria, she urged, had disturbed "the balance of power in the Balkan peninsula." It was the Bulgarians, not the Greeks, who were breaking treaties and jeoparding the peace of Europe. Nor was Greece the only disturber even in second instance, for in November, 1885, Servia declared war against Bulgaria. In 1897 the relation is reversed. if Servia and Bulgaria are arming, it is because the Greeks have made war possible, and no other state has as yet moved so far towards war as Greece.

Eleven years ago, finally, the general political situation was more favorable to the Greeks than it seems to be now. The frontier which they claimed had been proposed

MAP OF GREECE, SHOWING ITS GEOGRAPHICAL RELATION TO CRETE AND TURKEY.

at Berlin by the French plenipotentiaries, and it was something like a point of honor for the French government to support the claim. In England the elections of November, 1885, had resulted in the defeat of the Conservatives, who had pursued a policy hostile to Greek aspirations, and had brought the philhellenic Gladstone into power again.

In spite of these advantages Greece's venture was unsuccessful, and it is of present interest to recall briefly the events of 1885-6. In the autumn of 1885 Greece suspended the specie payments which she had resumed in 1884, emitted more legal-tender paper, contracted a new foreign loan, and began to push troops toward the Thessalian frontier. In December the Cretan Christians demanded annexation to Greece. In January, 1886, the powers called upon Greece to disarm. Upon her refusal a European fleet assembled in Cretan waters, the ships of the other powers receiving orders to co-operate with those of England. In March it was reported that Greece had 57,000 men under arms in Thessaly and 35,000 more in reserve. The strength of the opposing Turkish forces was said to be 200,000.

In April the powers again demanded that Greece should disarm. In this month a partial breach occurred in the European concert. France addressed separate proposals to Greece, with the purpose, apparently, of facilitating Greece's withdrawal from an untenable position. Greece eagerly accepted the French proposals, and France refrained from further measures of coercion. The five remaining powers, however, pronounced the Greek concessions inadequate, and pursued their prearranged course of action. On the 26th of April they demanded disarmament within eight days; on the 27th their war-ships entered the Piræus; on the 7th of May a blockade was proclaimed, extending over the entire eastern coast of Greece and the entrance to the Gulf of Corinth. In April skirmishes had taken place on the Thessalian frontier; in May there was sharp fighting for a few days, with the loss of several hundred Greek and Turkish lives. Then Greece succumbed, and on the 24th of May began to demobilize. On the 7th of June the blockade was raised. Greece had increased her debt, demoralized her newly re-established finances, injured her commerce and industry, and she had nothing to show for it all.

With this experience fresh in the memory of her statesmen it seems hard to account for Greece's present action. It has been assumed that she must have received secret encouragement from some of the powers, and that the European concert is probably less nearly perfect than it seems. Grounds for such an assumption have been sought by some journalists in the dynastic connection between Greece and other states; but such connections have never weighed sensibly against political interests, and in this century they weigh less than ever before. Other writers have pointed to the popular sympathy for the Greeks that exists in England, in France, and to some extent in Italy; and have argued that some or all of these governments would be constrained to support the Greek cause. Such sympathy, however, can be and is displayed more freely by irresponsible popular orators than by the men who are charged with the direction of national policy. Cabinet ministers cannot indulge in so costly a luxury, and their supporters in the legislatures are prompt to recognize the impossibility. Leaders of the opposition may descant upon the wrongs of Poles or Bulgarians or Greeks, but when they are placed in power their conduct is always singularly like that of their predecessors.

The Greeks in particular have been taught frequently that cabinet changes in England have little effect upon their interests; that the average Liberal minister is no less anxious to preserve the *status quo* in the Mediterranean, and no more inclined to aid in the expansion of Greek commerce than the most old-fashioned Tory. French sympathy, which seems on the whole more sincere, went no further in 1886 than to keep France passive. Considering the close relations since established between France and Russia, it was hardly to be supposed that French sympathy would again go so far; and the declaration of the French ministry (March 15) that France would continue to act in concert with the other powers should have occasioned no surprise. This declaration gives the quietus to another theory that has found some supporters —the theory that Russia desires to reopen the Oriental question, and is endeavoring to accomplish this object through the agency of Greece. This theory, however, might safely have been rejected without evidence to the contrary. It is Russia's interest to keep the "sick man" alive until she can administer his estate single-handed, or at least without the co-operation of all Europe. Pending the favorable moment, it is to her advantage to act as his guardian. It is not likely that, after adhering to this line of conduct through the strain of the Armenian massacres, Russia has now suddenly determined to reverse her policy.

In the absence of any evidence that points to a breach in the European concert, there is a very strong reason for assuming that it will continue perfect so long as its purpose is merely the preservation of the European peace. It requires no credulity to believe what the powers all say, that they desire peace. They would probably be glad to eject the Turk from Europe to-morrow if his estate could be so divided as to satisfy the chief claimants; but they prefer a continuance of Turkish misrule over five and a half millions of European subjects—for this is now the limit of the Sultan's direct authority in Europe, including in the sum both Moslems and Christians—to the certain evils and incalculable chances of a great European war. This attitude is frequently denounced by English radicals and American sentimentalists as immoral, but unless political morality be regarded as something absolute, and the right of choice between greater and less evils be denied, it is hard to sustain the censure.

If, however, the maintenance of the European concert against any disturbance of the peace was *a priori* even more probable than in 1886, how—to revert to our question—is the conduct of Greece to be explained? It may be urged that, from one point of view at least, her claims upon Crete are stronger than any that she was able to advance in the case of Epirus. The frontier proposed at Berlin would have brought into Greece a large number of Albanians, and the protest of the Albanians themselves was the most formidable obstacle which the Greeks encountered in the European conferences of 1879–81. In the spring of 1879 an assembly of Albanian notables sent a deputation to Rome to protest against annexation. "We will never voluntarily submit," they declared, "to union with Greece. The Greeks have never ruled us; we, on the contrary, have ruled them. We have 37,000 well-armed men, and were we permitted to fight out our quarrel with Greece alone, we would be in Athens sooner than the Greeks would be in Janina." Crete, on the other hand, is indisputably Greek. Even the Mohammedans are for the most part Greeks; they are the descendants of apostates. The Greek Christians are in the majority, and they have repeatedly expressed a desire for union with Greece. There have been repeated insurrections against Turkish rule; and there is probably no part of his present dominions which the Sultan would abandon with less regret than this unruly island. In March, 1881, the Sultan offered to cede Crete to Greece in consideration of the abandonment by Greece, of her claim to Epirus; but the conference of ambassadors to which the offer was made, and in which Greece did not participate, rejected the proposal at the instance of the English representative.* This, it should be noted, occurred under a Gladstonian government.

It may be that England still objects. Apart from her disinclination to encourage a commercial rival, it is not improbable that England desires to keep Crete open to her own eventual occupation. If the further disintegration of Turkey gives Russia the Dardanelles, or even a right of way for her war-ships through the Dardanelles, England will naturally desire to hold the southern gate of the Ægean. It is probable, however, that the other powers would consent to the union of Crete with Greece were it not for the probable consequences to the peace of Europe. To reward Greece in this way for her aggressive conduct would operate as an encouragement to disorder through the whole Balkan peninsula. The compromise upon which the powers have agreed—Cretan autonomy—is, under the circumstances, a fair one, and there appears to be no doubt that it will be enforced.

From this adjustment of the controversy Greece will, of course, derive no compensation for her recent efforts and expenditures; but if she be chargeable with an impolitic venture, the responsibility will lie with the Greek people rather than with the government. It seems clear that the crown and the ministers have acted under the constraint of a popular demand and the fear of a revolution.

The Greeks have been profoundly discouraged by the progress of events during the last half of this century. When their independence was first secured they believed that nearly all European Turkey would ultimately fall into their hands. They dreamed of the revival of the Greek empire, with its old capital on the Bosporus, and many of their friends in western Europe believed that this dream would be realized. The Christian subjects of Turkey, from the Adriatic to the Black Sea, although of various races, were bound together in ecclesiastical unity; and the sentiment of nationality, which has since divided them, had not yet gained the mastery over the religious sentiment which drew them together. Since those days of boundless hope Greece has witnessed the gradual consolidation of new Balkan states, with a population nearly five times as large as her own, each animated by a strong sense of nationality, and desirous of further extension. The greater part of Turkey in Europe has already been distributed, and Greece has secured but a small portion of her expected inheritance. This result is largely attributable to causes over which the Greeks had no control, but in part, at least, it has come of the mistakes of the Greeks themselves.

History has never accorded rule over others to those who cannot rule themselves. In great crises the Greeks have displayed a patriotic ardor and a capacity for sacrifice that are worthy of unstinted praise; but in the humdrum days of peace they have been unable to subordinate partisan sentiment and selfish aims to the common good. Factional spirit has run riot; corruption has been excessive; the evils of the spoils system in representative government have reached the most acute stage. Each successive ministry acquires and holds power and pushes its measures through the legislature by ceding to its supporters the control of the administration, until it may be said without exaggeration that the administration legislates while the legislature administers the government. To the resultant demoralization of the Greek finances and the Greek army, far more than to the pressure exercised by any of the great powers, we must ascribe the failure of Greece to act with the requisite promptness and energy in 1877, at the outbreak of the last Russian-Turkish war. Had Greece then been able, as she should have been, to throw a well-equipped army of 50,000 trained men into Thessaly in June, when the Russians crossed the Danube, or even in July when General Gurko occupied the Shipka Pass, her claims could not have been ignored at San Stefano, nor could they have been treated with so little consideration at Berlin. As it was, she spent the summer, the autumn, and the greater part of the winter in borrowing money and in recruiting and drilling troops. On the first of February, the day after the combatants had signed the preliminary peace of Adrianople, she declared war and sent 12,000 soldiers into Thessaly. A week later she recalled them. The efforts she has since made, as often as the Oriental question has seemed to near a crisis, to atone by precipitate action for her unlucky delay in 1877 have not been and could not be successful, nor does it seem possible that such an opportunity as then was lost will ever again be vouchsafed her.

MUNROE SMITH.

* Schultess, Geschichts-Kalender, 1881.

MUSIC AND DRAMA

MR. DAMROSCH'S WAGNER SEASON.

MR. WALTER DAMROSCH'S month of Wagnerian opera and music-drama at the Metropolitan—of which term not a great fraction will remain as these paragraphs are printing—should hold a highly honorable place in the long history of the local "Wagnerian movement." Since 1884, and that notable experiment in opera in German, to which Dr. Leopold Damrosch sacrificed himself, we have had numerous productions of Wagner's works, singly or in cycles, that have rivalled in excellence those of the foremost German and Austrian stages. The course of thirteen years has effected an intelligent and thorough local saturation with Wagnerism that long ago entered into our musical politics as a very active agent. Even during the change to Italian and French opera in the Metropolitan's management (which has recently brought about some extraordinarily fine Wagner representations) a curious and brilliant addition has been made, and made in German, too, to the record of Wagner in New York. Just how long the story will be thought good reading by the unfashionable multitude and by the very fashionable multitude; just how far taste and sincerity will make it of importance, now that there is almost nothing new to be written into the volume — only an enthusiast ought to predict. But Mr. Damrosch's faith and courage as an impresario and his ability as a Wagnerian conductor have given him a fine green laurel-wreath in 1897. Surely no Wagner lover, no admirer of pluck in a young musician, can wish a leaf of it away!

Mr. Damrosch's people have been catalogued several times in this department. They constitute an exceptionally strong troupe for any German stage. Madame Nordica lately has won in Germany, as with us, a place by herself as a great dramatic and lyric singer, one especially felicitous as Elsa and Isolde. During her engagement with Mr. Damrosch, probably with the same distinguished success, she will essay Brünnhilde in *The Valkyr*, a part new to her—one deferred till now owing to a recent tangle of our operatic politics that need not be referred to in this connection more than by regrets. Madame Lilli Lehmann is welcomed with an esteem and admiration that prove to be not simply a business of sentiment with the older Metropolitanites, to whom this consummate artist has long been an ideal. Madame Lehmann now has won new tributes due a Wagnerian singer magnificent in the later seasons of her career; a great singer, a great actress; a German dramatic soprano whose name is going proudly into lyric history, if goes the name of any of her stage-contemporaries. Madame Johanna Gadski, a young soprano—one still in her earlier twenties—already has met great favor here in Mr. Damrosch's former seasons by a sympathetic and beautiful voice of large compass and fine texture, by a graceful presence, and by the ability to act. This season finds Madame Gadski much richer in voice, much more authoritative in her style, and it has emphasized so delightfully traits of her temperament, and a sort of classic simplicity as entering into her work, so that Madame Gadski's rank is quite new and superior. Mr. Ernest Kraus, a leading tenor of the—reformed—Berlin Opera, is that rare bird a young German "heroic tenor," who has a voice of agreeable, kind, and fairly evenly developed, pleasurable even in lyric music as well as in lusty heroics; a tenor who has the gift of taste, and besides is good to look at. As to Mr. Paul Kalisch, something that has been often quoted as Madame Lehmann's own promise to her young husband, and to his public, assuredly has been kept. From a tenor with a weak and ill-balanced organ, and with a sentimentality of style that spoiled much of his work, Mr. Kalisch has reached the plane of a singer with a manly and sonorous voice and virile style. It is not wholly such, but he is a quite other Wagnerian singer than was Paul Kalisch of six or seven years ago. Of Mr. Emil Fischer, still meriting his favor here, of Mr. Mertens, Mr. Paul Lange, that admirable *mime* (and, by-the-bye, that admirable Monostatos), of Mr. Stehmann, an excellent barytone—not to pass by ungallantly such useful collaborators in the season's good singing as have been remarked in Mesdames Brandis, Hartmann, Schilling, and sundry others of Mr. Damrosch's sopranos or contraltos—at least a cordial word should be written. Some we have heard before. Some are new-comers. All are acceptable. Mr. Carl Somer, one of the important barytones of the company, is not what could be wished for as a main dependence in barytones, and indeed Mr. Somer's voice has not been in good order for many seasons when busy in Germany. But he has sound ideas of declamation; and often in Wagnerian music-drama, at its highest tide of passion, singing is thrown away, and a good method is chiefly valuable, as more or less preserving the singer's voice from a dire and thankless wear and tear when fighting great orchestral stress and storm. Let us add to the foregoing outline of Mr. Damrosch's large corps of helpers that the chorus has youthfuler material in it (there should have been a discreet re-enforcement of its tenors, by-the-bye) and less adipose tissue and more aptness to sing in tune than the average German choristers bestowed on us. The orchestra is a more than satisfactory one. As to its guidance, it ought to be clear by this time even to a conservative, not to say obtuse, auditor, that Mr. Damrosch has learned to direct his Wagner not only with incessant care, but well, and with due authority. It is doubtful if Mr. Damrosch ever will be a Wagner specialist as a leader, or if he looks to be so classed. In what can be defined as his general sensitiveness and delicate intelligence toward all composers, in recognizing his tendency to be at his best in the lyric element of lyric-drama (real or so called), one must qualify Mr. Damrosch's work. But the qualifying is not necessarily a detraction. He has proved that his Wagner leadership is as much his business as the ability to get together a Wagnerian corps of artists.

Mr. Damrosch's repertory has been fully set forth here, and its presentation and its reception can be recorded only in part, at this writing. Of the several performances, the strongest, and those of most enjoyable *ensemble* traits, have been (up to the penning of these lines) the *Valkyr*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin* evenings. Madame Lehmann may fairly be said to seem herself of years agone, vocally and dramatically, as Brünnhilde. And in undertaking Ortrud (for the first time), just as might be expected, Madame Lehmann not only sings a rôle peculiarly suited to her noble voice, but gives a reading of the well-known part of dramatic individuality and of a firm impressiveness. Hers is a sombre, concentrated, secretive kind of Ortrud, one sparing of gesture or look, dismissing all the poses of the melodramatic Ortrud that we know so well. It offers a sort of terrible statuesqueness that "tells" of Wagner's idea as does no ramping Ortrud. Only Marianne Brandt has given us here as unconventional an Ortrud. Madame Nordica's Elsa is as feminine yet firm a study as ever. In *Tannhäuser* Madame Gadski began and ended her work during all the evening on an exceptional height. Her Senta redeemed a poor *Flying Dutchman* evening. Mr. Kalisch is a fine Tannhäuser, especially in his acting of that sad and foolishly impulsive *dévergondé*. Mr. Kraus

has hardly been in his best estate of voice once since his arrival in New York, but he has shown as Siegmund that he is wholly acceptable to the most pampered Wagnerian public on earth. We do not know that there is any other, in spite of the enthusiasts who, having before been there, still would go to Baireuth, and find it like (only) a little heaven below!

One aspect of these performances under Mr. Damrosch, we may believe, has no small significance in the general consideration of Wagner's popularity in New York, past or present. Mr. Damrosch has here and now a company that is essentially a star company. Thus far only to the performances in his season offering a distinct selection of his stars have the public—the Wagnerian public, that is to say, including an army of post-graduates—really thronged. Seasons ago, taste and curiosity crowded Wagnerian representations that merely offered the desired "good *ensemble*" of more or less accomplished exponents of Wagnerian works—frequently the less accomplished being quite in the majority. But how the town crowded to hear the works! How it squeezed into every corner! Not so now. Curiosity, at least, is off its edge very perceptibly. Nowadays the Wagnerian manager who dare rely on New York's Wagnerites to support him in the expenses of a special Wagnerian season should be warned in time, and consider attentively the fact that the high tide of public favor toward Wagner, the favor of fashionable and dilettante Wagnerism, and the favor of the newer generation of opera-goers, is not concentrated on the Baireuth music-dramas, even on the operas, as aforetime. The musical pendulum swings away slowly but unmistakably. Whither we are going, whither the musical world that has come to know Wagner so thoroughly may be tending, who shall say? Toward simpler, yet not less noble, not less imposing, but more lyrical phases of art to come in dramatic opera?—not forgetting the best of the past and pre-Wagnerian ones? Perhaps; and it is at least obvious that the old Wagnerian public of New York has a lessened allegiance for its master, and that it has been won from his sincere and fervent support. If Mr. Damrosch, or any other competent director, should secure to-morrow the rights for American performances of *Parsifal*, and build a season on it, with an indifferent company of artists (even as poor a one as the average Baireuth one), for a time all the town and the country would flock to hear a work that most of the Wagnerian public have not heard enough, and for which a large part, not having heard it at all, have much curiosity. It would be a sort of completion of a Wagnerian education, a novelty. But that curiosity once dulled, even *Parsifal* (and this is said with a full sense of the fact that Wagner in that work is often in his closest touch with the truest principles of musical and dramatic æsthetics)—that curiosity once dulled, one would have to give *Parsifal* with a star cast, or New York would wax quite cold toward its beauties. If Mr. Damrosch, or any other competent director, could secure and produce even *The Fairies*, the same phases seem likely in our public's attitude toward it. Whether this is a reflection on our public, or a hint as to Wagner's chances of musical immortality all the world over, the Wagnerite or the conservative in Wagnerism can make up his own mind. To many even the query will be treason unpardonable; to others, a treason of which the less thoughtful in art may make the most if they choose.

E. Irenaeus Stevenson.

THIS BUSY WORLD

Allusion was made in this Department of the Weekly some weeks ago to a report of one of Dr. Felix Adler's Lowell lectures in Boston, in which he was represented as putting forth, in support of the opinion that women are not yet sufficiently well informed on political questions to be safely trusted with the suffrage, the statement that Miss Frances Willard, who is everywhere admired and respected, and is at the head of a masterpiece of organization, "wants to vote for the sake of promoting the nationalization of business, the abolition of representative government, the enactment of prohibitory laws, and the free coinage of silver." It is submitted in Miss Willard's behalf that while it is not believed that Dr. Adler intended to do her injustice, his statement, as reported, seems to have that effect. As to her seeking "the abolition of representative government," it is explained that while she has always frankly declared herself to be a Christian socialist, "she believes the coming of a better day will work out by evolution, not by revolution, nor has she urged her views upon the great constituency she represents, although she has frankly stated them." It is added that "she has never professed to have any knowledge of financial subjects. Indeed, nothing is better known to the W. C. T. U. than her frequent and playful disclaimers under this head. It is but just," writes the Weekly's informant, "that these facts should be known, and that it should be perfectly understood that the white-ribbon movement has never allied itself with the movements to which Professor Adler refers."

There is a pretty general impression that the white-ribbon movement is allied to at least one of the movements to which Dr. Adler referred, to wit, that favoring the enactment of prohibitory laws; but perhaps not. It is a pleasure to make room for these explanations, made by authority, of Miss Willard's views, even though doubts may still lurk in some minds as to whether it is expedient as yet that she should have the suffrage thrust upon her.

The President has missed a chance to make a very interesting appointment which would have excited unlimited enthusiasm among a very considerable and important aggregation of American citizens. He might have nominated Miss Willard to be ambassadress to Great Britain. To be sure, she is not a voter; but no more is Mr. John Hay, of the District of Columbia, whose nomination was sent to the Senate last week. A great many people would like to see the United States represented in London by a different sort of American from any that has been there in recent times. Whether their wish is reasonable or not (and there is a good deal of reason to believe that it is not), they want a change. The change from Mr. Bayard to Miss Willard would have been as complete as it is possible to imagine without going entirely outside of the list of distinguished Americans and proposing some one unworthy or unfit. So far as distinction and ability go, there are only a handful of American citizens who are in the same class with Miss Willard. If she had been nominated, no one would have had to inquire who she was or anything about her. We all know her more or less intimately, and have confidence in her ability to adorn almost any station. Of course the idea of sending her to London seems somewhat odd at first, but that is largely because it is novel. The more the mind dwells on it, the more suggestive it grows. Why *not* send an ambassadress to a country governed in the name of a queen? The President wants the Senate to pass the arbitration treaty. Could he have made an appointment more likely to bring that about? If the lion and the eagle are to perch together, who is fitter than Miss Willard to lead them with a string? It would have surprised the good English, but they would have risen to it. Next to being met half-way in a fight, they like to be surprised. Miss Willard can make speeches and transact business. She would have required competent secretaries, and possibly a legal adviser, and thus assisted, the duties of her office would have come easy to her. She would undoubtedly have come home the most popular American in England; and if it did not rain loving-cups when she left, it would only be because of her attitude toward conviviality and all its tokens. It was a chance lost, though of course no one can be sure that the Senate would have confirmed the appointment.

Meanwhile it will of course confirm that of Mr. Hay. If we must send a *man* to London, Mr. Hay seems entirely acceptable. He is one of the most representative men we have. He comes from Indiana, Illinois, and Ohio, States which, combined, furnish an exceedingly effective derivation. He has lived in Washington, New York, Paris, Madrid, and Vienna, and in four of these cities has had diplomatic experience. He has written history, newspaper copy, and verse, all successfully, and is suspected of having written a successful novel. He has served as Assistant Secretary of State, and he has a private fortune. To follow Mr. Bayard as ambassador to England is a rather serious undertaking, but Mr. Hay seems qualified to meet all reasonable expectations without effort.

Of course General Horace Porter will please the French, but how will New York be able to spare a man who is president of the Union League Club and a member of a dozen others, is active in business and proficient in society, is invariably eloquent after dinner, can raise monuments over dead soldiers, keep the peace when living veterans dine, and ride a horse at the head of a procession! He seems too useful a person to be exported for a term of years; but it may possibly be that he is tired, and that four years of Paris will do him good and be the means of a remunerative protraction of his usefulness. General Porter is still under sixty. It is thrifty in the public to give a good active man a good play-time at that age.

It seems that on St. Patrick's day there was a prize-fight out in Nevada which appears to have been of unusual moment among affairs of its sort, since it attracted attention even as far east as New York. If any discriminating person so far forgot himself as to read the reports of it, it is to be hoped that, among them, he happened upon the one communicated to the *World* by John L. Sullivan, of Boston. Sullivan, when in sound intellectual order, must be one of the most amusing men in the world. His great charm as a writer, and indeed as a citizen, is his entire seriousness. It will be remembered that he was at one time himself proficient as a fighter with fists, and no adult reader who likes entertaining literature is likely to have forgotten Mr. Arthur Brisbane's reports to the *Sun* of his visit to England at the height of his reputation, and especially of his interview with the Prince of Wales. There never was a great man so satisfied with his own greatness and the distinction of his late calling as Sullivan. There is a sweet and childlike simplicity about his point of view to which even the most austere critic can hardly be blind. His report of the details of the late fight is merely businesslike, and is not materially more edifying than other reports, but in his introductory remarks leading up to the fray his idiosyncrasies come out. It seems that the wife of one of the contestants was present at the battle and gave her man advice and countenance. Sullivan thought she was of the greatest assistance to her husband, but he regards her as an exceptional woman, and not subject to general rules. He says:

> I am not in favor of having ladies at fights. It is natural that they should admire fighters. Naturally they think more of a man who can fight than of any other man, because if men did not fight we should all be slaves, and the English or somebody else would rule us. George Washington was a fighter, and no man was more admired by the ladies than he was. But ladies ought not to see fights.

Further on, still discussing this same question, he relates:

> When Mitchell was almost too weak to run, fighting with me in France, his second put his head through the ropes and yelled, "Think of your wife, Charlie; think of your little babies at home a-crying for bread." It was all a lie, for Mitchell's father-in-law is rich and his children could never want; but it helped Mitchell wonderfully, and in less than a minute he spiked me, driving his steel spikes into the bone of my instep. He didn't mean to do it, it was only his enthusiasm, and I contented myself with telling him to be a gentleman and stop spiking me. But it shows what a little touch of tender feeling will do.

As to the day and scene of the late fight, he continues:

> It was a perfect occasion, and the scene was worthy of it. I have seen some fine scenery in France and on the ocean and in England, and, with the exception of Ireland, which is most beautiful as you steam into Queenstown or travel through the lakes, I never saw anything to compare with that scene. It was wonderful, with warm sun around you and snow high up in the air, and every kind of man that anybody ever saw, except perhaps Frenchmen, who know nothing about fights.
>
> I saw men I knew from the Bowery, dressed in silk hats, and a kind of Indians that they say eat dirt, and Mexicans and cowboys and miners; every kind of a sport that this great country can produce, every kind of money that goes in this country, and every kind of revolver that anybody ever heard of.

Sullivan has probably outlived his usefulness as a slugger; but if literary composition were less irksome to him, and the occasions that stir him to intellectual activity were not so rare, we might hope for much innocent gratification from his pen. He is certainly a delightful writer.

Brown Brothers & Co., the bankers, are still receiving contributions in aid of the Armenians. A few weeks ago they received over a thousand dollars, the proceeds of a car-load of oranges sent from Riverside, California, and given by fruit-growers for the Armenian orphans' fund. Through the kindness of auctioneers, truckmen, and fruit-dealers in New York, the fruit was handled at very small cost and was sold at an unusually high price. Brown Brothers are treasurers of the National Armenian Relief Committee, of which Justice Brewer is president. They acknowledge all subscriptions sent to them.

The Valley Forge Commission, created in 1893 by the Legislature of Pennsylvania to acquire, maintain, and preserve as a public park the Revolutionary camp-ground at Valley Forge, reports that it has bought 217 acres within or adjacent to the inner line of defences, at a cost of about $35,000. It wants $60,000 for additional purchases of land and for road-making and maintenance. When the park is ready, it is expected that States which were represented by commands which wintered there will erect commemorative monuments, as has been done on the field of Gettysburg. Rhode Island has already appropriated $10,000 for this purpose.

One of the results of having the Legislature of New York meet in an ancient and unworldly town like Albany, where our rulers have only a limited chance to get accustomed to contemporary usages, is the Mullin bill prohibiting tights. Senator Mullin hails from Watertown. He wants, or professes to want, a law providing that "a person who wilfully exhibits his or her limbs or form in tights . . . is guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable by imprisonment for each offence for not less than thirty days nor more than one year." It is not certain that if Senator Mullin spent his winters in New York instead of Albany he would be much more favorably disposed toward tights than he seems to be at present, but at least he would have a chance to learn that there are legitimate uses for tights, and that highly respectable people of both sexes are accustomed to wear them on the stage.

The metropolitan phenomenon known as Dead Man's Curve belongs in the list of things which one couldn't have believed if he hadn't seen them. As every one knows who is at all familiar with New York, this notorious curve is made by Broadway when it twists at Fourteenth Street around the southwest corner of Union Square Park. The cable road follows the line of Broadway, and in order to negotiate the double turn successfully the cable-cars have to turn both corners without stopping and at a dangerously high speed. In spite of the policemen and flagmen by whom this dangerous place is guarded, accidents have been frequent there, and so many serious casualties have occurred that the passage of the cable-cars at that point has been felt and declared to be a nuisance. The problem of abating it has of late been very much before the public. That problem can only be solved by discontinuing the use of the cable at that point and providing safer means of hauling the cars around the curves, or by devising an apparatus by which the cable can do its work with less peril to vehicles and citizens, or by straightening the lines of the cable road. If rails could be laid across the park, either on the surface or below it, that would solve the problem, or if a corner of the park were to be cut off, that would help matters; but either of these methods would reduce the area of the park, and to that there are very strong and sound objections. Another way would be for the Metropolitan Railway Company to buy enough land on the northeast corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street to widen Broadway at that point, and enable it to straighten its tracks sufficiently to run its cars at moderate speed and keep them under control. This method would be very costly, and the railroad company would naturally object to it. So the problem continues to be unsettled, and the nuisance is still maintained.

The cable-car on a straight road is a convenient and efficient vehicle, but where it turns any sharp corner it becomes a dangerous and terrifying missile. There are other places in New York that are very nearly as dangerous as "Dead Man's Curve." The spectacle of a heavy cable-car whizzing round a curve, sure to knock out whatever it may strike, is one that the most hardened New-Yorker does not get used to. It brings his heart into his mouth the hundredth time he sees it almost as surely as it does at first. Involuntarily he stops until the feat is accomplished, and as he moves on he wonders how long such risks will be suffered to be taken.

The French line steamer *Ville de St.-Nazaire* left New York on the morning of March 6, bound for Port au Prince, with a crew of seventy-five, and eleven passengers. Off Cape Hatteras, on March 7, she met a terrific storm, and a portion of her deck was crushed in by a huge wave. She became unmanageable. Four of her life-boats were smashed in attempts to lower them. The remaining four were launched, passengers and crew got into them, and they had scarcely cleared the ship before she sank. So extreme was the haste of departure that scarcely any food or water could be put into the boat. In one boat embarked twenty-six of the crew and all the passengers, including one woman and four children. Seven days later this boat was picked up by the schooner *Hilda*, which reached New York on the evening of March 17. Of the thirty-seven persons who started in her four men survived. The rest died of exposure and starvation. The other boats have not at this writing been heard from. The four survivors are all still in a precarious condition, and able to give few details of the disaster, but the story as pieced together from what they have been able to narrate is one of the most harrowing sea-stories ever told.

Dr. Nansen's first intention as to his calling in life was to study medicine. With the idea of taking the medical examination at Nordmarken, he began to study zoology, and at the suggestion of Professor Collett, in 1881 or thereabouts, he shipped aboard a sealing-vessel—the *Viking*—to train himself for descriptive zoological research. During this trip the *Viking* was for some weeks caught in the ice off the eastern coast of Greenland, and Nansen became filled with the desire to cross that inhospitable country. Even then he wanted to go ashore and explore,

THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D. C.—DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

but could not get permission. But he hunted seals and polar bears, and took note of everything. He brought back with him a settled purpose to return to Greenland and cross it to the western coast. Meanwhile, by the help of Professor Collett, he got the place of curator of the Bergen Museum, which he held for four or five years, studying meanwhile in his favorite branches of science for his doctor's degree. Three months in 1886 he spent in study at the zoological school at Naples. In 1887 he began preparations for the attempt to cross Greenland from the east coast on snow-shoes. He applied to the Norwegian government for $1500 toward the expense of this trip, but was refused. A Danish gentleman, however, sent him that much money, and he added twice as much of his own (it was afterwards raised by subscription and refunded to him). In the spring of 1888 he took his doctor's degree at Christiania, and on May 10 sailed with five companions from Leith, Scotland, for Iceland, in the Danish steamer *Thuyra*. On July 17 they left the vessel near Cape Dan. On September 27 they reached Ameralik Fjord, on the west coast, and on October 3 Nansen and Sverdrup reached Godthaab, one of the Danish colonies. There their comrades joined them. They got a ship home the following April, and arrived in Copenhagen on May 21, 1889. It was the first time Greenland had been crossed. Previous attempts had been made from the west coast, and the baffled explorers had put back. Nansen's idea was to have safety ahead instead of behind. There was no turning back, because there was nothing to return to. The successful explorers got a warm welcome home, and Nansen became famous, and wrote a narrative of the trip.

The notion that the lecture industry is played out does not accord with the recent experience of Mr. Will Carleton, who has been discoursing in the Western part of this State, and lately addressed ten large audiences in different towns during one week. In this single week of activity Mr. Carleton lectured at Lyons, Lockport, Brockport, Albion, Medina, Penn Yan, Oswego, Owego, and Auburn, winding up on Saturday afternoon at Wyalusing, Pennsylvania. On one day (Tuesday) he held forth three times, in three different towns, Lockport, Brockport, and Albion, which must have necessitated a good deal of rapid transit and some close connections.

Four hundred dollars, given by one hundred and fifteen subscribers, was sent from Boston for the memorial to Sir Walter Scott in Westminster Abbey. The whole (estimated) cost of the memorial is £600, which sum has been received and the books closed.

The spring designs for colored shirts shown this year in the haberdashers' windows include some of the most boisterous and disorderly patterns ever exhibited in New York. The possibility of seeing them flaunted in public by American citizens is not to be faced without forebodings and dismay.

E. S. MARTIN.

JEROME—A POOR MAN.*

BY MARY E. WILKINS,

AUTHOR OF "PEMBROKE," "JANE FIELD," "MADELON," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE paper which Lawyer Eliphalet Means, standing at the battered and hacked old desk whereon Cyrus Robinson made out his accounts, drew up with a sputtering quill pen—at which he swore under his breath—was as fully elaborated and as formal in every detail as his legal knowledge could make it. Apostrophizing it openly, before he began, as damned nonsense, he was yet not without a certain delight in the task. It was quite easy to see that Simon Bassett, whatever motive he might have had in his proposition, was beyond measure terrified at its acceptance. With his bristling chin dropping nervously, and his forehead contracted with anxious wrinkles, he questioned Jerome.

"Look at here," he said, with a tight clutch on Jerome's sleeve, "I want to know, young man. There ain't no property anywheres in your family, is there? There ain't no second nor third nor fourth cousins out West anywheres that's got property?"

"No, there are not," said Jerome, impatiently shaking off his hand.

"Your father didn't have no uncle that had money?"

"I tell you there isn't a dollar in the family that I know of," cried Jerome. "I have nothing to do with all this, and I want you to understand it. All I said was, and I say it now, if in any way any money should ever fall to me, I would give it away; and I will, whether anybody else does or not."

"You don't mean money you earn; you mean money that falls to you—"

"I mean if ever I get enough money in a lump to make me rich," replied Jerome, doggedly.

"I want to know how much money you are goin' to call rich," demanded Simon Bassett.

"Ten thousand dollars," replied Jerome, whose estimate of wealth was not large.

Simon Bassett cried out with sharp protest at that, and Doctor Prescott evidently agreed with him.

"Any man might scrape together ten thousand dollars," said Bassett. "Lord! He might steal that much."

The amount of wealth which the document should specify was finally fixed at twenty-five thousand dollars, which was, moreover, to come into Jerome's possession in full bulk and during the next ten years, or the obligation would be null and void.

Bassett also insisted upon the stipulation that Jerome, in his giving, should not include his immediate family. "I've seen men shift their purses into women folks' pockets, an' take 'em out again, when they get ready, before now," he said. "I ain't goin' to have no such gum-game as that played."

That proposition met with some little demur, though not from Jerome.

"Might just as well say I wouldn't agree not to give mother and Elmira the moon, if it fell to me," he said to Squire Merritt.

The Squire nodded. "Let 'em put it any way they want to," he said; "it can't hurt you any. Means knows what he's about. I tell you that old fox of a Bassett feels as if the dogs were after him." The Squire was highly amused, but Jerome did not regard it as quite a laughing matter. He wondered angrily if they were making fun of him, and would have flown out at the whole of them, with all his young impetuosity, had not Squire Eben restrained him.

"Easy, boy, easy," he whispered. "It won't do you any harm."

The instrument, as drawn up by Lawyer Means, also stipulated, at Simon Bassett's insistence, that the said twenty-five thousand dollars should come into Jerome's possession within ten years from date, and be given away by him within one month's time after his acquisition of the same. Lawyer Means, without objection, filed carefully all Bassett's precautionary conditions; then he proceeded to make it clearly evident, with no danger of quibble, that "in case the said Jerome Edwards should comply with all the said conditions, the said Doctor Seth Prescott and Simon Bassett, Esquire, of Upham Corners, do covenant and engage by these presents to remise, release, give, and forever quitclaim, each of the aforesaid, one-quarter of the property of which he may at the time of the acquisition by the said Jerome Edwards of the said twenty-five thousand dollars, stand possessed, to all those persons of adult age residing within the boundaries of the town of Upham Corners who shall not own at the time of said acquisition homesteads free of encumbrance and the sum of twelve thousand dollars in bank, to be divided among the aforesaid in equal measure.

"In witness whereof we, the said Doctor Seth Prescott and Simon Bassett, have hereunto set our hands and seals, etc.—"

This document being duly signed, sealed, and delivered in the presence of the witnesses John Jennings, Eben Merritt, Esquire, and Cyrus Robinson, was stored away in the pocket of Lawyer Eliphalet Means's surtout, to be later locked safely in his iron box of valuables.

Simon Bassett's writing lore was limited, being, many claimed, confined to the ability to sign his name, and even that seemed likely in this case to fail him. Simon Bassett faltered as if he had forgotten either his name or his spelling, and it was truly a strange signature when done, full of sharp slants of rebellion and curves of indecision. As for Doctor Seth Prescott, who had sat aloof, with a fine withdrawn majesty, all through the discussion, when it was signified to him that everything was in readiness for his signature, he arose, went to the desk amid a hush of attention, and signed his name in characters like the finest copperplate. Then he went out of the store without a word, and the minister, forgetting his quarter of tea, slid after him as noiselessly as his shadow.

Lawyer Means, when once out in the frosty night with his three mates, bound at last for cards and punch, shook his long sides with husky merriment. "I tell you," he said, "if I were worth enough, I'd give every dollar of the twenty-five thousand to that boy before morning, just for the sake of seeing Prescott and Bassett."

"Of course, when it comes to a question of legality, that document isn't worth the paper it's written on," the Colonel said, chuckling.

"Of course," replied the lawyer, dryly. "Bassett didn't know it, though, nor Jerome, nor scarcely a soul in the store beside."

"Doctor Prescott did."

"I suppose so, or he wouldn't have signed."

"Do you think the boy would live up to his part of the bargain?" asked the Colonel, who, being somewhat gouty of late years, limped slightly on the frozen ground.

"I'd stake every cent I've got in the world on it," cried Squire Eben Merritt, striding ahead—"every cent, sir!"

"Well, there's no chance of his being put to the test," said Lamson.

"Chance!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Good Heavens! You might as well talk of his chance of inheriting the throne of the Cæsars. I know the Edwards family, and I know Jerome's mother's family, root and branch, and there isn't five thousand dollars amongst them down to the sixth cousins; and as for the boy's accumulating it

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2089.

himself—where are the twenty-five thousand dollars in these parts for him to accumulate in ten years? You might as well talk of his discovering a gold-mine in that famous wood-lot. But I'll be damned if Bassett wasn't as much scared as if the poor fellow had been jingling the gold in his pocket. If Jerome Edwards *does*, through the Lord or the devil, get twenty-five thousand dollars, I hope I shall be alive to see the fun."

"Hush," whispered John Jennings; "he is behind us, and I would not have such a generous young heart as that think itself spoken of lightly."

"Would he do it?" Colonel Lamson asked, short-winded and reflective.

"I'll be damned if he wouldn't!" cried the lawyer.

"By the Lord Harry, he would!" cried Squire Eben, each using his favorite oath for confirmation of his opinion.

Jerome, following in their tracks with his Uncle Ozias, heard perfectly their last remarks, and lagged behind to hear no more, though his heart leaped up to second with fierce affirmation the lawyer and the Squire.

"Keep behind them," he whispered to Ozias; "I don't want to listen."

"Think you'd give it away if you had it, do ye?" his uncle asked, with his dry chuckle.

"I don't *think*—I *know*."

"How d'ye know?"

"I *know*."

"Lord!"

"You think I wouldn't, do you?" asked Jerome, angrily.

"I'd be more inclined to believe ye if I see ye more generous with what ye've got to give now."

Jerome started, and stared at his uncle's face, which, in the freezing moonlight, looked harder, and more possessed of an inscrutable bitterness of wisdom. "What d'ye mean?" he asked, sharply. "What on earth have I got to give, I'd like to know?"

Ozias Lamb tapped his head. "How about that?" he asked. "How about the strength you're puttin' into algebry an' Latin? You don't expect ever to learn enough to teach, do ye?"

Jerome shook his head.

"Well, then it's jest to improve your own mind. Improve your mind, what's that? What good is that goin' to do your fellow-bein's? I tell ye, Jerome, ye ain't givin' away what you've got to give, an' we ain't none of us."

"Maybe you're right," Jerome said, after a little.

After having left his uncle, he walked more slowly still. Soon the Squire and his friends were quite out of sight. The moonlight was very full and brilliant, the trees were crooked in hard lines, and the snow-drifts crested with white lights of ice; there was no softening of spring in anything. But the young man felt within him one of those flooding stirs of the spirit which every spring faintly symbolizes. A great passion of love and sympathy for the needy and oppressed of his kind, and an ardent defence of them, came upon Jerome Edwards, poor young shoemaker, going home with his sack of meal over his shoulder. Like a bird, which in the spring views every little straw and twig as toward his nest and purpose of love, Jerome would henceforth regard all powers and instrumentalities that came in his ways only in their bearing upon his great end of life.

On reaching home that night he packed away his algebra and his Latin books on the shelf in his room, and began a new study the next evening.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Seth Prescott was the only practising physician for some half-dozen villages. His mud-bespattered sulky and his smart mare, advancing always with desperate flings of forward hoofs—which caused the children to scatter—were familiar objects, not only in the cluster of Uphams, but also in Dale and Granby, and the little outlying hamlet of Ford's Hill, which was nothing but a scattering group of farm-houses, with a spire in their midst, and which came under the jurisdiction of Upham. In all these villages people were wont to run from the windows to the doors when they saw the doctor's sulky trot past, peer after it up or down the road to see where it might stop, and speculate if this old soul were about to leave the world or that new soul to come into it.

One afternoon, not long before he was twenty-one, Jerome Edwards walked some three miles and a half to carry some shoes to a woman binder who was too lame to fetch them herself. Jerome walked altogether of late years, for the white horse was dead of old age; but it was well for him, since he was saved thereby from the permanent crouch of the shoe-bench.

When, having left his shoes, he was returning down the steep street of the little settlement, he saw Doctor Prescott's sulky ahead of him. Then, just before it reached a small weather-beaten house on the right, he saw a woman rush out as if to stop it, and a man follow after her and pull her back through the door.

The sulky was driven past at a rapid pace; for the weather was sharp, and the doctor's mare stepped out well after standing. When Jerome reached the house the doctor was scarcely within hailing distance; but the woman was out again, calling after him frantically: "Doctor! Doctor! Doctor Prescott! Stop! Stop here! Doctor!"

Jerome sprang forward to offer his assistance in summoning him, but at that instant the man reappeared again and clutched the woman by the arm. "Come back, come back in the house, Laura," he gasped, faintly, and yet with wild energy.

Jerome saw then that the man was ghastly, staggering, and yellow-white, except for blazing red spots on the cheeks, and that his great eyes were bright with fever. Jerome knew him; he was a young farmer, Henry Leeds by name, and not long married. Jerome had gone to school with the wife, and called her familiarly by name. "What's the matter, Laura?" he asked.

"Oh, J'rome," she half sobbed, "do help me—do call the doctor. Henry's awful sick; I know he is. He'd ought to have the doctor, but he won't because it costs so much. Do call him; I can't make him hear."

Jerome opened his mouth to shout, but the sick man flew at him with an awful, piteous cry. "Don't ye, don't ye," he wailed out; "I tell ye not to, J'rome Edwards. I 'ain't got any money to pay him with."

"But you're sick, Henry," said Jerome, putting his hand on the man's shaking shoulder to steady him. "You'd better let me run after him—I can make him hear now. It won't cost much."

"Don't ye do it," almost sobbed the young farmer. "It costs us a dollar every time he comes so far, an' he'll say right off, the way he did about mother that last time she was sick—when she broke her hip—that he'd take up a little piece of land beforehand; it would jest pay his bill. He'd do that, an' I tell ye I 'ain't got 'nough land now to support me. I 'ain't got 'nough land now, J'rome."

The poor young wife was weeping almost like a child. "Do let him call the doctor, do let him, Henry," she pleaded.

"There's another thing, J'rome," half whispered the young man, turning his back on his wife and fastening mysterious bright eyes on Jerome's—"there's another thing. Laura, she'll have to have the doctor before long, you can see that, an'—there'll be another mouth to fill, an' I've been savin' up a little, an' it ain't goin' for *me*—I tell ye it ain't goin' for *me*, J'rome."

All the while poor Henry Leeds, in spite of hot red spots on his cheeks, was shivering violently, but stiffly, like a tree in a freezing wind. The doctor had whirled quite out of sight over the hill. "He's gone," wailed the wife—"he's gone, and Henry 'll die—oh, I know he'll die!"

Then Jerome, who had been standing bewildered, not knowing whether he should or should not run and call after the doctor, and listening first to one, then to the other, collected himself. "No, he isn't going to die, either," he said to the poor girl, who was very young; and quite sharply he said it, because he so pitied her in her innocent helplessness, and would give her courage even in a bitter dose. He asked her, furthermore, as brusquely as Doctor Prescott himself could have done, what medicine she had in the house. Then he bade her hasten, if she wished to help and not hurt her husband, to the nearest neighbor and beg some sweat-producing herbs—thoroughwort or sage or catnip—all of which he had heard were good for fever.

She went away, wrapped in the thick shawl which Jerome had found in a closet, and himself pinned over the wild fair head, under the quivering chin, while he quieted her with grave admonitions, as if he were her father. Then he led poor Henry Leeds—still crying out that he would not have the doctor—into his house and his bedroom, and got him to bed, though it was a hard task.

"I tell you, Henry," pleaded Jerome, struggling with him to loosen his neck-band, "you shall not have the doctor; I'll doctor you myself."

"You don't know how—you don't know how, J'rome! She'll say you don't know how; she'll send for him, an' then, when he's got all my land, how am I goin' to get them a livin'?"

"I tell you, Doctor Prescott sha'n't darken your doors, Henry Leeds, if you'll behave yourself," said Jerome, stoutly; "and I can break up a fever as well as he can, if you'll only let me. Mother broke up one for me, and I never forgot it. You let me get your clothes off and get you into bed, Henry."

Jerome had had some little experience through nursing his mother, but, more than that, had the natural instinct of helpfulness, balanced with good sense and judgment, which makes a physician. Moreover, he worked with as fiery zeal as if he were a surgeon in a battle-field. Soon he had Henry Leeds in his feather bed, with all the wedding quilts and blankets of poor young Laura piled over him. The fire was almost out, for the girl was a poor housekeeper, and not shod by nature for any of the rough emergencies of life. Jerome had the fire blazing in short space, and some hot water and hot bricks in readiness.

Poor young Laura Leeds had to go some half a mile for her healing herbs, as the first neighbor was away from home and no one came in answer to her knocks. By the time she returned, with a stout neighboring mother at her side—both of them laden with dried aromatic bouquets, and the neighbor, moreover, clasping a bottle or two of household panaceas, such as camphor and castor-oil—Jerome had the sick man steaming in a circle of hot bricks, and was rubbing him under the clothes with saleratus and water.

Jerome's proceedings might not have commended themselves to a school of physicians; but he reasoned from the principle that if remedies were individually valuable, a combination of them would increase in value in the proportion of the several to one. Sage and thoroughwort, sarsaparilla, pennyroyal, and burdock—nearly every herb, in fact, in the neighbor's collection—were infused into one black and eminently flavored tea, into which he dropped a little camphor, and even a modicum of castor-oil. Jerome afterwards wondered at his own daring; but then, with a certainty as absolute as the rush of a stung animal to a mud bath—as if by some instinct of healing born with him—he concocted that dark and bitter beverage, and fed it in generous doses to the sick man. Nobody interfered with him. The neighbor, though older than Laura and the mother of several children, had never known enough to bring out their measles and loosen their colds. The herbs had been gathered and stored by her husband's mother, and for many a year hung all unvalued in her garret. Luckily Jerome, through his old gathering for the apothecary, knew them all.

Jerome sent one of the neighbor's boys to Upham Corners to tell his mother of his whereabouts; then he remained all night with young Henry Leeds, and by dint of his medley of herbs, or his tireless bathing and nursing, or because the patient had great elasticity of habit, or because the fever was not, after all, of a dangerous nature, his treatment was quite successful.

Jerome went home the next morning, and returned late in the afternoon, to stay overnight again. The day after, the fever did not appear, and Henry Leeds was on the fair way to recovery. A few days later came the affair of the contract in Robinson's store, and Jerome grasped a new purpose from the two.

The next day, when he carried some finished shoes to Dale, he bought a few old medical books, the remnant of a departed doctor's library, which had been stowed away for years in a dusty corner of the great country store. This same store included in its stock such heterogeneous objects, so utterly irrelevant to one another and at such tangents of connection, that it seemed sometimes like a very mad-house of trade.

It was of this store that the story was told for miles around how one day Lawyer Means, having driven over with Colonel Lamson from Upham Corners, made a bet with him that he could not ask for anything not included in its stock of trade; and the Colonel had immediately gone in and asked for a skeleton; for he thought that he was thereby sure of winning his bet, and of putting to confusion his friend and the storekeeper. The latter, however, who was not the Bill Dickey of this time, but an unkempt and shrewd old man of an earlier date, had conferred with his own recollection for a minute, and asked, reflectively, of his clerk, "Lemme see, we've got a skeleton somewheres about, 'ain't we, Eph?" And had finally unearthed—not adjacent to the old doctor's medical books, for that would have been too much method in madness, but in some far-removed nook—a ghastly box, containing a reasonably complete little skeleton. Then was the laugh all on Colonel Jack Lamson, who had his bet to pay, and was put to hard shifts to avoid making his grewsome purchase, the article being offered exceedingly cheap on account of its unsaleable properties.

"It's been here a matter of twenty-five year, ever sence the old doctor died. Them books, an' that was cleaned out of his office, an' brought over here," the old storekeeper had said. "Let ye have it cheap, Colonel; call it a shillin'."

"Guess I won't take it to-day."

"Call it a sixpence."

"What in thunder do you suppose I want a skeleton for?" asked the Colonel, striding out, while the storekeeper called after him, with such a relish of his own wit that it set all the loafers to laughing and made them remember it:

"Guess ye'd find out if ye didn't have one, Colonel; an' I guess, sence natur's gin ye all the one she's ever goin' to, ye'll never have a chance to git another as cheap as this."

That same little skeleton was yet for sale when Jerome purchased his medical books at the price of waste-paper, and might possibly have been thrown into the bargain had he wished to study anatomy.

Jerome sought only to gain an extension of any old wife's knowledge of healing roots and herbs and the treatment of simple and common maladies. Surgery he did not meddle with, until one night, about a year later, when Jake Noyes, Doctor Prescott's man, came over secretly with a little whimpering dog in his arms.

"We run over this little fellar," he said to Jerome, when he had been summoned to the door, "an' his leg's broke, an' the doctor told me I'd better finish him up; guess he's a stray; but"—Jake's voice dropped to a whisper—"I've heard what you're up to, an' I've brought a splint, an', if you say so, I'll show you how to set a bone."

So up in his little chamber, with his mother and Elmira listening curiously below, and a little whining, trembling dog for a patient, Jerome learned to set a bone. His first surgical case was nearly a complete success, moreover, for the little dog abode with him for many a year after that, and went nimbly and merrily on his four legs, with scarcely a limp.

Later on, Jake Noyes, this time with Jerome himself as illustration, gave him a lesson in bleeding and cupping, which was considered indispensable in the ordinary practice of that day. "Dun'no' what the doctor would say," Jake Noyes told Jerome, "an' I dun'no' as I much care, but I'd jest as soon ye'd keep it dark. Rows ain't favorable to the action of the heart, actin' as too powerful stimulants in most cases, an' I had an uncle on my mother's side that dropped dead. But I feel as if the doctor had ground the face of the poor about long enough; it's about time somebody dulled his grindstone a little. He's just foreclosed that last mortgage on John Upham's place, an' they've got to move. Mind ye, J'rome, I ain't sayin' this to anybody but you, an' I wouldn't say it to you if I didn't think mebbe you could do something to right what he'd done wrong. If he won't do it himself, somebody ought to for him. Tell ye what 'tis, J'rome, one way an' another, I think considerable of the doctor. I've lived with him a good many years now. I've got some books I'll let ye take any time. I calculate you mean to do your doctorin' cheap."

"Cheap!" replied Jerome, scornfully. "Do you think I would take any pay for anything I could do? Do you think *that's* what I'm after?"

Jake Noyes nodded. "Didn't s'pose it was, J'rome. Well, there'll be lots of things you can't meddle with; but there's no reason why you can't doctor lots of little ails—if folks are willin'—an' save 'em money. I'll learn ye all I know, on the doctor's account. I want it to balance as even as he thinks it does."

The result of it all was that Jerome Edwards became a sort of free medical adviser to many who were too poor to pay a doctor's fees, and had enough confidence in him. Some held strenuously to the opinion that "he knew as much as if he'd studied medicine." He was in requisition many of the hours when he was free from his shoemaker's bench; and never in the Uphams was there a sick man needing a watcher who did not beg for Jerome Edwards.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE LACK OF CURRENCY IN THE WEST AND SOUTH.

In the Presidential election of 1896, twenty-three States voted against free silver and twenty-two States for it. In proportion to population, the majorities in free-silver States were nearly as large as the majorities in the opposing States, and in some instances even larger. While Mr. McKinley had a popular majority on the entire vote of nearly 600,000, Mr. Bryan's majorities in twenty-two States amounted to 900,000.

The attempt to account for this deep cleavage between the Northern and Northeastern States on one side and the Southern and Southwestern States on the other by saying that all the intelligence of the country was on one side and all the ignorance and dishonesty on the other is as unsatisfactory as it is untrue. To assert that the demand for free silver finds its whole strength in the demands of a few silver-mine-owners is contrary to common-sense. Only five small States among those which voted for Mr. Bryan were in any sense silver States. Let us set these entirely aside, and there remain seventeen States, giving over 600,000 majority for free silver, and containing about forty per cent. of all the population of the United States. These States have always demanded a great increase of currency in any form, and did so long before the silver question was ever mooted. Their demand for free silver is a mere incident in the demand which they have kept up for fully thirty years for a great expansion of currency in any form.

The enormous development of business in modern times has made it simply impossible to conduct it exclusively, or even in any very large part, by the use of coin or of small notes as the medium of exchange. Nothing is better known than that over ninety per cent. of all wholesale business in this country is carried on by checks, or somewhat similar paper instruments. It is equally well known that a vast majority of all the coin and paper currency in existence is centred in precisely those districts where the use of checks is greatest. It is therefore impossible that those sections of the country in which regular banking facilities are scarce can supply the lack of these by the use of actual money in their exchanges. On the contrary, the more they fail to make use of checks, the more they fail to have possession of money. Space cannot be given here to explaining the natural laws which concentrate money in precisely those places where it is apparently a mere drug locked up in vaults, but the fact is obvious to even the most superficial observer.

In examining financial statistics for 1894, it appears that the aggregate banking resources of the United States (using round numbers), amounted to $6,400,000,000. Of this vast sum, $5,700,000,000 was held by the twenty-three McKinley States, leaving only $700,000,000 for the twenty-two Bryan States. Deducting from this sum the amount held by the silver-mining States and by the large cities in the Bryan States which voted heavily for McKinley, there remained in the seventeen Bryan farming States much less than $400,000,000 of banking resources, or only six per cent. of the whole, while they had forty per cent. of the population. Thus they had little more than one-seventh of the available banking facilities of the country; and as other sections of course had far more than their proportionate share, the Northeastern States were supplied with banking facilities and means of exchange to nearly thirty times the proportion of the seventeen Bryan States. The banking resources of Massachusetts, for example, were $325 per capita, while those of Georgia were only $18, those of Alabama $8, and those of Arkansas $6 per capita.

It is true that certain concerns called by courtesy "banks" are widely scattered over the South and Southwest, and it has therefore been recently, for the first time, insisted by a few gentlemen, who are determined to convict two-fifths of their countrymen of being conscious rogues, that there is no lack of banks and checks in the seventeen Bryan States. In support of this charitable argument, one of them cites statistics, given by the Comptroller of the Currency, as to the use of instruments of credit in different States, from which he draws the unhesitating inference that in Arkansas, where there were no banks at all in half the counties, sixty per cent. of all retail transactions in the entire State are settled by checks, being a larger proportion than in Rhode Island, the banking resources of which are forty times as large as those of Arkansas. The truth is, of course, that these statistics only represent dealings in the few places of Arkansas where national banks exist, and the dealings of people who are customers of those banks. Such absurd misinterpretations of statistics discredit the whole science.

The extent to which it is possible for farmers to use bank-checks can be easily shown by a comparison of the farm census with the number of bank accounts. In the eleven States lying south of Virginia, Ohio, and Missouri there were, in 1890, 1,577,000 separate occupants of farms. Excluding the large cities from these States, there were not enough bank depositors to make it possible that even 75,000 farmers had any bank account whatever. Even in the State of Iowa, which voted for McKinley, there were 202,000 separate occupants of farms, while the number of reported bank deposits below $1000 was only 50,000. It is exceedingly improbable that half of these accounts are kept by farmers, and therefore even in Iowa seven-eighths of the farmers can never draw a check. In the Southern States it is probable that nineteen-twentieths of the farmers never do so; and when they receive checks from others, they must draw the money at once from the bank, thus destroying all the real usefulness of the check system.

Under these circumstances is it not perfectly natural that the farmers of these States, constituting the great bulk of the population, should continually clamor for more currency? It is literally impossible for them to be supplied with such currency in the only form to which they are accustomed or which they practically comprehend. We who live in the East, and are accustomed to dispense with the use of actual money by the universal use of bank-checks, fail to comprehend the hardships to which a vast majority of the people in the Southwest are put by their inability to obtain either money or our common substitutes for money.

No cure for these evils will ever be found in mere expansion of the currency, because, no matter how great that expansion may be, if the money is good it will concentrate in the vaults of Northern banks, and if it is bad the loss will be thrown upon farmers. Surely the obvious remedy is an immense extension of check banks, in such form that they can be used by farmers and other very small depositors. That enormous numbers of such small deposits might be made is conclusively proved by the millions of small accounts in Eastern savings-banks. But under the present banking system no such banks can be extended on a sufficient scale through the South and Southwest. The small, weak local banks which do exist there are not safe and cannot be trusted, nor can they give the facilities to small farmers which they need. What is needed, and what must be given if this currency question is ever to be solved, is the extension on a grand scale of small branch banks, backed up by banks with large capital and managed with great intelligence. This is the system which has given peace, security, and satisfaction throughout Canada. The only reason why it has not been adopted in the United States is that, by a mistaken policy, laws almost everywhere forbid it, and the laws of the United States certainly do not permit national banks to do anything of the kind. Yet national banks are precisely the institutions which ought to be permitted to thus establish branch banks. If they did so they would become popular in every section of the country, because they would supply the requirements of every section. It has been said by one of the gentlemen already quoted that branch banks are "contrary to the genius of the people." We must be permitted to say that this is mere nonsense. They are contrary to the statute law, and if the statutory prohibition were taken out of the way, "the genius of our people" would develop branch banks on a greater scale than prevails even in Canada.

These views were expressed by the writer in a statement made to the Committee on Banking and the Currency in the fall of 1893, and they have since been urged upon the attention of Congress by Secretary Carlisle in 1894, and by the Comptroller of the Currency in 1896. There is no other possible solution of this difficult and dangerous problem. It is already manifest to every watchful observer that the political tide is turning, that the sound-money majority of November, 1896, has been dissipated, and that the Congressional elections of 1898 will go heavily against the Republican party, unless something is done to give effectual relief to the farmers of the South and West by extending to them something of the same facilities for exchange which are so abundantly provided for the Northeastern States.

Thomas G. Shearman.

LONDON.

March 3, 1897.

There are this time books enough, if one were to go into them, to make the question of dealing with them in a few words a problem still more mathematical than literary; and I speak, I rejoice to say—though, indeed, I might rather regret it—only of those that have a sensible quality. There is help in the fact that these are so much the least numerous. Quantity alone is, of course, always with us, but to that element, in its simplicity, we learn to offer a front as unblushing as its own. What renders formidable the two big volumes of Lord Roberts's military record—to which I alluded the other day, when they were fresher than now—is not their mass, though that is great, but their surpassing, their admirable interest. *Forty-one Years in India* is a work I shall not pretend to classify more particularly than by saying that it, in the first place, has already had a great fortune, and, in the second, exposes the unwary reader to the catastrophe of deep emotion. It tells, with extraordinary lucidity, the story of a great soldier, but it has left me quite unable to say whether it belongs properly to literature or to war. Is it really military, or is it only "popular," and has the expert or the outsider most the right to rejoice in it? I can speak, at any rate, for one outsider, whose rejoicing, from beginning to end and for one reason and another, was extreme, was almost extravagant. The book suggests a hundred reflections that may easily make even the friendliest appreciation of it seem to swim away, just to trifle evasively, into the ecstatic vague. One of these, I think, is the lesson that a subject has only to be great enough to have the effect of leaving us practically undiscerning as to form. Heaven forbid I should so tie my hands as to hint that form is susceptible of postponement or relegation; all I mean is that our perception of it sometimes may be. That is only, let me hasten to add, when the matter looms so large—as it does with Lord Roberts to animate it—that it seems to press upon us directly and immediately, and without the aid of signs and tricks. Those of the author of these volumes are of the fewest, and it is enough to break the heart of a modest man of letters to have to recognize the triumphant impunity with which he almost dispenses with the art of expression. What can a Shakespeare or a Shelley, a Tacitus or even a Macaulay do more, after all, than overturn the reader with the *im*pression?—than make him falter and pause for excitement and suspense, close the book at moments with an almost intolerable throb? When the imagination is touched, it little matters, I suppose, what touches it; the game is then in its hands; it becomes, itself, the only traceable cause.

This sensibility must be difficult to reach in any reader in whom the story of the English in India fails to reach it. That general story has been, I think, from the first, the great romance of our age—the great romance of action, with an endless capacity for throwing up new chapters. Lord Roberts's career—or, as, fresh from his book, we feel impelled to put it, Lord Roberts himself—is simply a fine paragraph in a tremendous text; which is the convenient explanation of his being projected upon us with a force, reaching us with a momentum, that enables him to be, as I have said, a magician without a wand and a writer without a style. The style of the march to Kandahar, the style of the taking of Delhi and the relief of Lucknow, the style of all the wonderful facts, begotten of all the other wonders, form perhaps a medium which could scarce have been bettered. Let this by no means involve, however—speaking for myself—a failure of the admonition to meditate on the question eternally interesting, the mystery of what might have been if only, in the original scheme of things (things, at least, as they make for books,) there had not been so dire a separation of the sheep and the goats. The sheep have always, to me, stood for the people whose heads are as full of golden words as the money-bags of misers of golden coin, but on whom experience never calls with the offer of an exchange or a bargain. Their vocabulary is left on their hands for want of real opportunities to work it off. They sit at home or merely stroll about the neighborhood with their literary sense for a bored companion. Meanwhile the goats have all the sensations, without ever a word to say of them; a word, I mean—for there are words and words—that counts as articulate speech. All over the world they come in, as the term is, for the fun; that is, in strange scenes and situations, for the great impressions and suggestions, emotions denied to the unfortunates whose time all goes in tuning the fiddle for a dance that never begins. On one side, in fine, is the bare spectacle, and on the other the empty mirror; it is only once in a blue moon that these opposites are reconciled, that the person to whom the adventure is vouchsafed happens also to be a person with a sense of what may be done with it. In the presence of Lord Roberts's record of the Mutiny, or of that of his march to Kabul and stay in Afghanistan, it is impossible not to wonder what these pages might have been if the author had only cared to remember, or to render, the perpetual, particular appearance of things—if his power of evocation had only been in some greater degree visual.

Ah, the look, the living look! we long pleadingly to say to him, turning as we do in pain and with the baffled suspicion of what the living look must have been. But we must take what we can get, and it is extraordinary how, if a certain vibration be established, it brings home to us even the smallest sacrifices to the idea of presentation. "As I parted with each corps in turn, its band played 'Auld Lang Syne,' and I have never since heard that memory-stirring air without its bringing before my mind's eye the last view I had of the Kabul-Kandahar Field Force. I fancy myself crossing and recrossing the river, which winds through the pass; I heard the martial beat of drums and plaintive music of the pipes; and I see Riflemen and Gurkhas, Highlanders and Sikhs, guns and horses, camels and mules, with the endless following of an Indian army, winding through the narrow gorges, or over the interminable bowlders which made the passage of the Bolan so difficult and wearisome to man and beast." Those few lines are almost the only ones in which the author's colorless clearness is for a moment slightly suffused; and the reader, as he meets them, takes them up with a kind of thrill. Therefore, doubtless, it is difficult to say what he really misses; and we come back to the moral that you may in a particular case be eloquent without articulation. The particular case is simply that of your having the British Empire behind you.

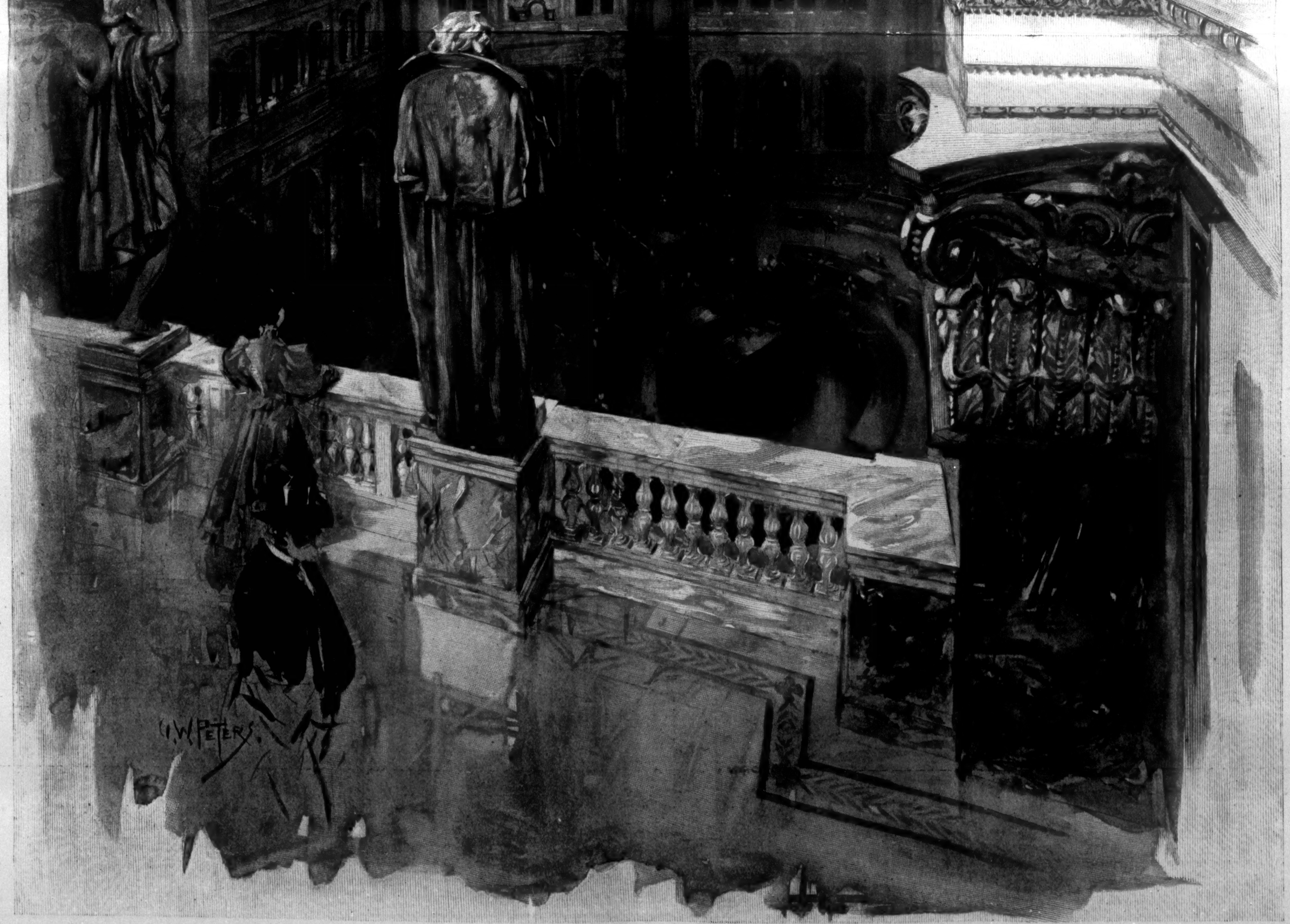
It was behind Sir William Wilson Hunter (the eminent Indian official and author of the almost classic *Annals of Rural Bengal*) on the occasion of his producing, the other day, that delightful little volume *The Thackerays in India*, a volume that makes us feel also how much it was behind the author of *Vanity Fair*. Sir William Hunter, moreover, really writes, even though his small and charming book be as essentially a mere drop in the bucket of a special literature as the lives it commemorates were a drop in the bucket of the ravenous, the prodigious Service; wherefore I commend him heartily to readers whose feeling for Thackeray is still a living sentiment. Thackeray's people, on both sides, for generations, had been drops in the great bucket, and the author lifts with a light and competent hand, an art that animates his few pages, the veil from a kind of mephitic obscurity, the huge, hot, horrible century of English pioneership, the wheel that ground the dust for a million early graves. The Thackerays and the Bechers helped to feed the machine, and the machine, at the same time, turned them out with the big special stamp that sometimes, for variety, didn't crush to death. It gave only life to the greatest of the former race, whose birth at Calcutta we have always fancifully felt, I think, as making for his distinction. It is a fact, at any rate, into which the volume before me puts more meaning than before—a meaning that fills a little the void of his unwritten biography. Is it only a vain imagination, or is there in his large and easy genius an echo of those masteries and dominations which sometimes straightened and sometimes broke the backs of so many of his ancestors and collaterals? Even if we treat it as a mere feather in his cap or a mere background to his image, we rejoice for him in this ghostly company of actors in a vast drama. The whole story, in truth, strikes us to-day as a sort of decorative pedestal for his high stature.

It is unfair, perhaps, not to add that if the note of India has been in the air Mrs. Steel's *On the Face of the Waters* has done much to make it resound; all indeed that more than a dozen editions can do—I assume that we are all aware of how much and how little that may be. Let me make however, the graceless confession that even with a tool sharpened, as I have hinted, for her general subject, I have, as yet, bitten into Mrs. Steel no further than her preface, which I fear I found none the less tough a morsel for being a very small one. It indicates with admirable, with enviable serenity—an effect to which her brevity contributes—exactly where her "story ends," her "history begins," and sets forth that she has not allowed "fiction to interfere with fact in the slightest degree." She has found the subject of *On the Face of the Waters* in the events of the Mutiny, and I dare say I shall still read her novel and recognize all the grounds of her success. But for the moment I am more arrested than precipitated by admiration of her easy distinctions and by reflecting, in connection with them, on the question opened up by the few quiet words, followed by a few others that I have quoted; that of the possibility of direct correspondence or continuity between the objects outside and the objects inside a work of art. Such a work is a crucible in which the former have absolutely, before becoming the latter, to enter into glowing fusion; happy the author, therefore, who can pick the identical pieces out of the pot as he picks his letters out of the post-bag. The correspondence, in my experience, becomes a pulp—the letters have all to be rewritten.

To deny it seems to me to belong to the basest prose. These are perhaps mysteries, let me hasten to add, that should either be quite laid bare or be passed by with averted head; so that I am willing to seek a more presentable reason for postponing Mrs. Steel in the almost maddening nature of the solicitation exercised in a different quarter.

If I spoke just now of the pedestal placed under Thackeray's feet, what shall I say of that furnished for Edward Gibbon by our having at last the text, delicious and incomparable, of his Autobiography and his Letters? I have been condemned to leave myself without space for a word worthy of the subject—altogether one of the richest that has lately come up. The oddity of the whole story of our perverted possession of him is only equalled by the beauty—there is no other name for it—of what relenting fate has at last restored to us. It is, doubtless, indeed, by this time common knowledge that the text of the Autobiography has been found to be no less than six separate texts, each one a numbered and individual joy to those in whom the taste for Gibbon is strong. What has lately happened is of a nature to make it in general so much stronger than ever that I feel a double pang at having to leave untouched one of the most rounded little romances of the literary life. I leave untouched, alas, other matters: besides the final issue, as a thin volume, after years and years, of George Meredith's sole lecture (delivered in 1877), the dazzling little essay on *The Idea of Comedy*; the singularly interesting presentation by Miss Elizabeth Robins, at the Court Theatre, in six meagre matinées, of Echegeray's "psychological" *Mariana*; and, last not least, the splendid bequest to the nation by the widow of the late Sir Richard Wallace of a collection of works of art in which nothing is not priceless and exquisite, and which, if its ultimate fortune be, as may be hoped, to be housed under the same roof as the National Gallery, will give that already great museum a kind of happy insolence and attitude and, if I am not mistaken, raise it delightfully above any rivalry in Europe.

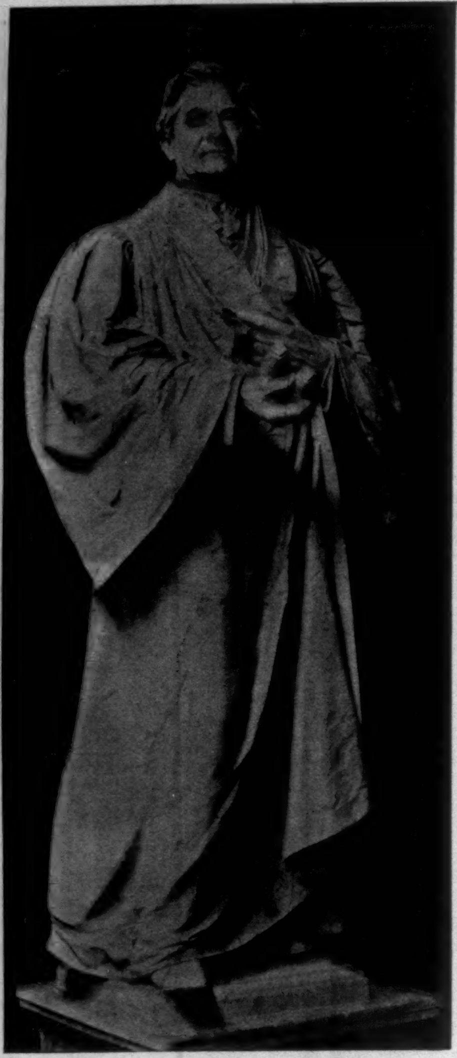
Henry James.



UNDER THE DOME OF THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY, WASHINGTON, D.C.—VIEW FROM THE UPPER GALLERY, SHOWING THE ROTUNDA.

DRAWN BY G. W. PETERS.—[SEE PAGE 318.]

COLUMBUS.—BY PAUL BARTLETT.



JOSEPH HENRY.—BY HERBERT ADAMS.

STATUES FOR THE ROTUNDA OF THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE IN THE NEW CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

XI.*—A LAST GLANCE AT THE ROTUNDA AND ENTRANCE-HALL.

WHEN President McKinley was inaugurated, on the 4th of March, there were two splendid halls through which the thousands who came to Washington to witness the ceremony walked with admiration. One was to lose its magnificence in a few days; the other was to remain a permanent monument. One was the beautifully decorated court of the Pension Building, arranged for the inaugural ball, the other was the central reading-room of the new Congressional Library, the axis of an impressive architectural design. The latter has been touched upon more than once by HARPER'S WEEKLY, as Mr. Blashfield's paintings in the dome and cupola have been completed, as the statues from various hands have been cast and erected on the uppermost galleries of the hall. But the full effect of the rotunda could not be grasped until all the decorations were in place. Now that practically the last touches have been given to the design and all the scaffolding has been removed, it stands forth as more impressive even than was expected of it some months ago.

The last two statues have been until lately in the hands of the founders, the Henry-Bonnard Bronze Company, and at the time of writing are probably being hoisted into position. They are the two of which reproductions are given in this number of HARPER'S WEEKLY—a portrait of Columbus by Mr. Paul Bartlett, and another of Joseph Henry by Mr. Herbert Adams. The juxtaposition of these statues offers in itself an instructive side light on the enlightened and catholic policy which has controlled the artistic evolution of this building. The long list of statues around the rotunda embraces types of the most diverse character, figures from the most widely separated ages. In Columbus we have the first personage in our history—not only the first, but one of the most romantic. In Joseph Henry, who died so recently as in 1878, we have a physicist whose investigations of electrical and magnetic problems placed him in the forefront of modern science, whose connection with the Smithsonian Institution was of incalculable service in making that great source of scientific learning the national benefit that it is. Mr. Bartlett was peculiarly fitted to model a portrait of Columbus. There is an ebullience of enthusiasm in his feeling, there is a vigor in his talent, from which the public expects just such a sympathetic study of the great discoverer as he has given here. He catches the spirit of his subject, puts into the forward movement of the body and into the haughty, indomitable, uplifted head, exactly the fire of audacity, courage, and endurance that we associate with the heroic Italian. The modelling is distinctly sketchy; in fact, it seems almost careless; but this is a point in Mr. Bartlett's style which is not displeasing in the long-run. It is especially plausible and effective in a work like the present, which is dedicated to an image of primitive daring and energy and of splendid adventure; in other words, the freedom and vivacity of the execution fall readily into harmony with the eager and alert spirit of the theme.

Mr. Adams is naturally an artist of suave and even grave executive manner, and hence, with the usual discretion to which reference has just been made, the very individual was put in his hands for celebration whose character demanded a dignified, reserved mode of treatment. The broadly simple robes of the scholar are always difficult to treat; indeed, any robes that are at all expansive must give the sculptor serious difficulty; and though once in a while a statue like the Chapin, at Springfield, which St. Gaudens modelled, may turn an obstacle into a downright source of artistic effect, similar incidents are rare. More than one of the sculptors whose works adorn this rotunda have had such robes to deal with. Mr. Adams takes a high rank among them. His statue is massive, inevitably, but it is not unduly bulky, and the modelling of the long smooth surfaces and ample folds is delicate and wise, securing just the play of light and shade which was needed to save the result from monotony. The voluminous sleeves are made the best of that is possible under the circumstances, and a head of great force, nobly modelled, leads the eye away from the rather heavy and unattractive shoulders. Altogether Mr. Adams has taken a thankless task and produced a work of art. His subject was not very plastic. Yet the sculptor has almost made him plastic, has made him contribute to the impressiveness of the reading-room.

Two facts strike the observer of this spacious enclosure. In the first place, it is perfectly lighted, and at no one of the many circular desks which run around the floor is it at all difficult to read fine print with ease. Moreover, these desks are so disposed that their relation toward each other, toward the central desk for the librarians, and toward the passages affording ingress and exit, is thoroughly convenient and comfortable. Secondly, the rotunda is a remarkably dignified and attractive piece of architecture, a place in which it ought to be a pleasure to work. From floor to ceiling it has been erected along admirable lines. The color scheme of the marbles in the great piers and the connecting screens might perhaps have been more harmonious than is the case. But with the light tones of the coffered ceiling, and the judicious notes in the stucco-work generally, the colors hold together well, and the room as a whole leaves a reposeful impression. The statues of great figures in the history of learning and the arts are in judicious proportion for their positions, and just above them the eye meets one of the most artistic episodes in the whole vast building—Mr. Schladermundt's decorated windows. Here the coats of arms of all the States are wrought into the semicircles, their colors telling vividly in the scheme. They are at a great height from the floor, and one needs to study them from the galleries in order to pick out their details; but even from the lowest level they have individuality—they count as something more than mere dots of color. Then, still higher, rise the rich surfaces of the dome, leading to Mr. Blashfield's frieze and the figure in the cupola far above. All in all, it is a noble chamber, heroic in its dimensions, and decorated in a taste apposite to its massive structural lines.

The rotunda marks the culmination in a work which at this time, when scaffolding and other impedimenta have been removed, and everything has been made clean and shipshape, is seen to greater advantage than ever before. The stately entrance-hall, with its broad staircases and vast contiguous passages, is now filled with light. The walls and columns are of a grayish-white, and to the effect of brightness and vivacity which this insures the gayly decorated ceilings and walls add a triumphant note. That this part of the Library would be monumental, magnificent, was evident a long time ago, when it was thick with timbers, and when the drawings were the sole means whereby a student of the work could form an opinion. But with the most delightfully unexpected cleverness the designers and decorators have carried the whole scheme up into a chord of almost festal color and spontaneity. We have spoken before of the success with which this building bears comparison with some decorated edifices abroad. The point occurs anew to the mind on surveying the finished entrance-hall. There is nothing more generous, more splendid than this among the modern public buildings of Europe. The proportions are on a large and thoroughly imposing scale. To the right, in the corridor which gives access to certain important chambers in the building, the poetic inspiration and fastidious color of Mr. Walker's paintings play a conspicuous part. In the same position on the other side of the wide vestibule Mr. Pearce strikes a more vivid, more familiar note. Directly in front of the observer Mr. Vedder's masterly decorations are visible. Then the lofty ceiling, with its rich, vivid colors rendered gorgeous by the work of the formal decorator, is flanked on either side by more decoration of a conventional order and by the works of two brilliant painters. We say brilliant, for Mr. Reid in his medallions, Mr. Benson in the balancing panels on the other side of the building, have demonstrated upon this occasion, more definitely, perhaps, than ever before, the full measure of their abilities and taste. They put the finishing touches to a work of remarkable sumptuousness, geniality, and lustre.

ROYAL CORTISSOZ.

* Previous Articles on Congressional Library Decorations have appeared in the following Numbers of HARPER'S WEEKLY: Paintings—Edwin H. Blashfield, No. 2038; Elihu Vedder, No. 2043; Kenyon Cox, No. 2048; George W. Maynard, No. 2071; Robert Reid, No. 2078; Frederick Dielman, No. 2085; J. W. Alexander, No. 2092; Messrs. Benson, Walker, Melchers, Van Ingen, and Pearce, No. 2097. Sculptures—G. E. Bissell, J. J. Boyle, J. Donoghue, C. E. Dallin, No. 2067; F. Macmonnies, No. 2081; H. Adams, F. W. Ruckstuhl, J. J. Boyle, No. 2090.

THE PURSUIT OF THE HOUSE-BOAT.*

Being some Further Account of the Doings of the Associated Shades, under the Leadership of Sherlock Holmes, Esq.

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS,

AUTHOR OF "A HOUSE-BOAT ON THE STYX," ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL.

VIII.—ON BOARD THE "GEHENNA."

WHEN the *Gehenna* had passed down the Styx and out through the beautiful Cimmerian Harbor into the broad waters of the ocean, and everything was comparatively safe for a while at least, Sherlock Holmes came down from the bridge, where he had taken his place as the commander of the expedition at the moment of departure. His brow was furrowed with anxiety, and through his massive forehead his brain could be seen to be throbbing violently, and the corrugations of his gray matter were not pleasant to witness as he tried vainly to squeeze an idea out of them.

"What is the matter?" asked Demosthenes, anxiously. "We are not in any danger, are we?"

"No," replied Holmes. "But I am somewhat puzzled at the bubbles on the surface of the ocean, and the ripples which we passed over an hour or two ago, barely perceptible through the most powerful microscope, indicate to my mind that for some reason at present unknown to me the House-boat has changed her course. Take that bubble floating by. It is the last expiring bit of aerial agitation of the House-boat's wake. Observe whence it comes. Not from the Azores quarter, but as if instead of steering a straight course thither the House-boat had taken a sharp turn to the northeast, and was making for Havre; or in other words, Paris instead of London seems to have become their destination."

Demosthenes looked at Holmes with blank amazement, and to keep from stammering out the exclamation of wonder that rose to his lips, he opened his *bonbonnière* and swallowed a pebble.

"You don't happen to have a cocaine tablet in your box, do you?" queried Holmes.

"No," returned the Greek. "Cocaine makes me flighty and nervous, but these pebbles sort of ballast me and hold me down. How on earth do you know that that bubble comes from the wake of the House-boat?"

"By my chemical knowledge, merely," replied Holmes. "A merely worldly vessel leaves a phosphorescent bubble in its wake. That one we have just discovered is not so, but sulphurescent, if I may coin a word which it seems to me the English language is very much in need of. It proves, then, that the bubble is a portion of the wake of a Stygian craft, and the only Stygian craft that has cleared the Cimmerian Harbor for years is the House-boat—Q. E. D."

"We can go back until we find the ripple again, and follow that, I presume," sneered Le Coq, who did not take much stock in the theories of his great rival, largely because he was a detective by intuition rather than by study of the science.

"You can if you want to, but it is better not to," rejoined Holmes, simply, as though not observing the sneer, "because the ripple represents the outer lines of the angle of disturbance in the water; and as any one of the sides to an angle is greater than the perpendicular from the hypothenuse to the apex, you'd merely be going the long way. This is especially important when you consider the formation of the bow of the House-boat, which is rounded like the stern of most vessels, and comes near to making a pair of ripples at an angle of ninety degrees."

"Then," observed Sir Walter, with a sigh of disappointment, "we must change our course and sail for Paris?"

"I am afraid so," said Holmes; "but of course it's by no means certain as yet. I think if Columbus would go

* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2094.

up into the mizzentop and look about him, he might discover something either in confirmation or refutation of the theory."

"He couldn't discover anything," put in Pinzon. "He never did."

"Well, I like that!" retorted Columbus. "I'd like to know who discovered America."

"So should I," observed Leif Ericson, with a wink at Vespucci.

"Tutt!" retorted Columbus. "I did it, and the world knows it, whether you claim it or not."

"Yes, just as Noah discovered Ararat," replied Pinzon. "You sat upon the deck until we ran plumb into an island, after floating about for three months, and then you couldn't tell it from a continent, even when you had it right before your eyes. Noah might just as well have told his family that he'd discovered a roof garden as for you to go back to Spain telling 'em all that San Salvador was the United States."

"Well, I don't care," said Columbus, with a short laugh. "I'm the one they celebrate, so what's the odds? I'd rather stay down here in the smoking-room enjoying a small game, anyhow, than climb up that mast and strain my eyes for ten or a dozen hours looking for evidence to prove or disprove the correctness of another man's theory. I wouldn't know evidence when I saw it, anyhow. Send Judge Blackstone."

"I draw the line at the mizzentop," observed Blackstone. "The dignity of the bench must and shall be preserved, and I'll never consent to climb up that rigging, getting pitch and paint on my ermine, no matter who asks me to go."

"Whomsoever I tell to go, shall go," put in Holmes, firmly. "I am commander of this ship. It will pay you to remember that, Judge Blackstone."

"And I am the Court of Appeals," retorted Blackstone, hotly. "Bear that in mind, captain, when you try to send me up. I'll issue a writ of *habeas corpus* on my own body, and commit you for contempt."

"There's no use of sending the Judge, anyhow," said Raleigh, fearing by the glitter that came into the eye of the commander that trouble might ensue unless pacificatory measures were resorted to. "He's accustomed to weighing everything carefully, and cannot be rushed into a decision. If he saw any evidence, he'd have to sit on it a week before reaching a conclusion. What we need here more than anything else is an expert seaman, a lookout, and I nominate Shem. He has sailed under his father, and I have it on good authority that he is a nautical expert."

Holmes hesitated for an instant. He was considering the necessity of disciplining the recalcitrant Blackstone, but he finally yielded.

"Very well," he said. "Shem be it. Bo'sun, pipe Shem on deck, and tell him that general order number one requires him to report at the mizzentop right away, and that immediately he sees anything he shall come below and make it known to me. As for the rest of us, having a very considerable appetite, I do now decree that it is dinner-time. Shall we go below?"

"I don't think I care for any, thank you," said Raleigh. "Fact is—ah—I dined last week, and am not hungry."

Noah laughed. "Oh, come below and watch us eat, then," he said. "It'll do you good."

But there was no reply. Raleigh had plunged head first into his state-room, which fortunately happened to be on the upper deck. The rest of the spirits repaired below to the saloon, where they were soon engaged in an animated discussion of such viands as the larder provided.

"This," said Dr. Johnson, from the head of the table, "is what I call comfort. I don't know that I am so anxious to recover the House-boat, after all."

"Nor I," said Socrates, "with a ship like this to go off cruising on, and with such a larder. Look at the thickness of that purée, Doctor—"

"Excuse me," said Boswell, faintly, "but I—I've left my note-bub-book upstairs, Doctor, and I'd like to go up and get it."

"Certainly," said Doctor Johnson. "I judge from your color, which is highly suggestive of a modern magazine poster, that it might be well too if you staid on deck for a little while and made a few entries in your commonplace book."

"Thank you," said Boswell, gratefully. "Shall you say anything clever during dinner, sir? If so, I might be putting it down while I'm up—"

"Get out!" roared the Doctor. "Get up as high as you can; get up with Shem on the mizzentop—"

"Very good, sir," replied Boswell, and he was off.

"You ought to be more lenient with him, Doctor," said Bonaparte; "he means well."

"I know it," observed Johnson; "but he's so very previous. Last winter, at Chaucer's dinner to Burns, I made a speech, which Boswell printed a week before it was delivered, with the words 'laughter' and 'uproarious applause' interspersed through it. It placed me in a false position."

"How did he know what you were going to say?" queried Demosthenes.

"Don't know," replied Johnson. "Kind of mind-reader, I fancy," he added, blushing a trifle. "But, Captain Holmes, what do you deduce from your observation of the wake of the House-boat? If she's going to Paris, why the change?"

"I have two theories," replied the detective.

"Which is always safe," said Le Coq.

"Always; it doubles your chances of success," acquiesced Holmes. "Anyhow, it gives you a choice, which makes it more interesting. The change of her course from Londonward to Parisward proves to me either that Kidd is not satisfied with the extent of the revenge he has already taken, and wishes to ruin you gentlemen financially by turning your wives, daughters, and sisters loose on the Parisian shops, or that the pirates have themselves been overthrown by the ladies, who have decided to prolong their cruise and get some fun out of their misfortune."

"And where else than to Paris would any one in search of pleasure go?" asked Bonaparte.

"I had more fun a few miles outside of Brussels," said Wellington, with a sly wink at Washington.

"Oh, let up on that!" retorted Bonaparte. "It wasn't you beat me at Waterloo. You couldn't have beaten me at a plain ordinary game of old-maid with a stacked pack of cards, much less in the game of war, if you hadn't had the elements with you."

"Tutt!" snapped Wellington. "It was clear science laid you out, Boney."

"Taisey-voo!" shouted the irate Corsican. "Clear science be hanged! Wet science was what did it. If it hadn't been for the rain, my little Duke, I should have been in London within a week, my grenadiers would have been camping in your Rue Peekadeely, and the Old Guard all over everywhere else."

"You must have had a gay army, then," laughed Cæsar.

SHEM IN THE LOOKOUT.

"What are French soldiers made of, that they can't stand the wet—unshrunk linen or flannel?"

"Bah!" observed Napoleon, shrugging his shoulders and walking a few paces away. "You do not understand the French. The Frenchman is not a pell-mell soldier like you Romans; he is the poet of arms; he does not go in for glory at the expense of his dignity; style, form, is dearer to him than honor, and he has no use for fighting in the wet and coming out of the fight conspicuous as a victor with the curl out of his feathers and his epaulets rusted with the damp. There is no glory in water. But if we had had umbrellas and macintoshes, as every Englishman who comes to the Continent always has, and a bath-tub for everybody, then would your Waterloo have been different again, and the great democracy of Europe with a Bonaparte for emperor would have been founded for what the Americans call the keeps; and as for your little Great Britain, ha! she would have become the Blackwells Island of the Greater France."

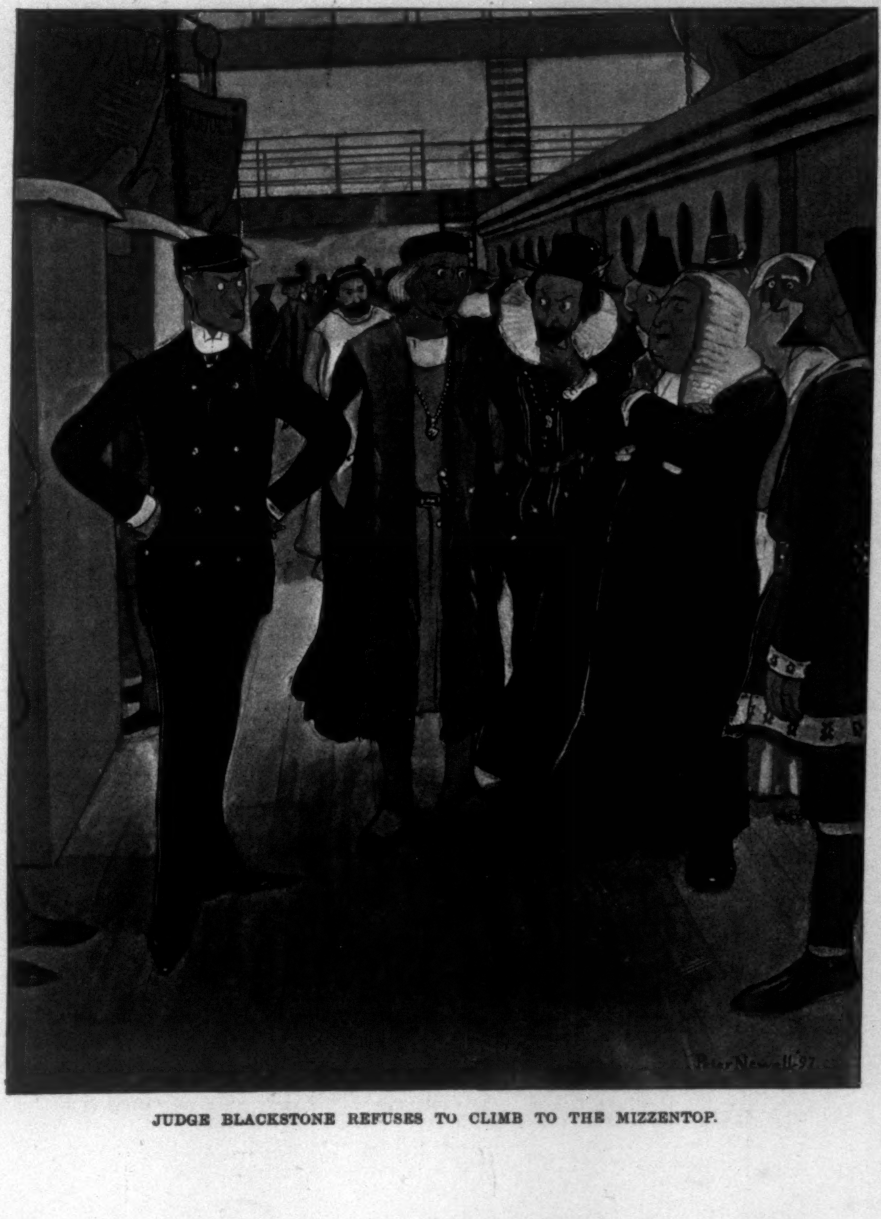
"You're almost as funny as *Punch* isn't," drawled Wellington, with an angry gesture at Bonaparte. "You weren't within telephoning distance of victory all day. We simply played with you, my boy. It was a regular game of golf for us. We let you keep up pretty close and win a few holes, but on the home drive we had you beaten in one stroke. Go to, my dear Bonaparte, and stop talking about the flood."

"It's a lucky thing for us that Noah wasn't a Frenchman, eh?" said Frederick the Great. "How that rain would have fazed him if he had been. The human race would have been wiped out."

"Oh, pshaw!" ejaculated Noah, deprecating the unseemliness of the quarrel, and putting his arm affectionately about Bonaparte's shoulder. "When you come down to that, I was French—as French as one could be in those days—and these Gallic subjects of my friend here were, every one of 'em, my lineal descendants, and their hatred of rain was inherited directly from me, their ancestor."

"Are not we English as much your descendants?" queried Wellington, arching his eyebrows.

"You are," said Noah, "but you take after Mrs. Noah more than



JUDGE BLACKSTONE REFUSES TO CLIMB TO THE MIZZENTOP.

Prince of Wales. Joseph Chamberlain. W. L. Jackson.

Cecil Rhodes. Sir R. F. Webster. Sir M. Hicks-Beach. Sir W. Harcourt.

THE PARLIAMENTARY INQUIRY ON THE JAMESON RAID—CECIL RHODES GIVING EVIDENCE BEFORE THE SOUTH AFRICA COMMITTEE.

after me. Water never fazes a woman, and your delight in tubs is an essentially feminine trait. The first thing Mrs. Noah carried aboard was a laundry outfit, and then she went back for rugs and coats and all sorts of hand-baggage. Gad, it makes me laugh to this day when I think of it! She looked for all the world like an Englishman travelling on the Continent as she walked up the gang-plank behind the elephants, each elephant with a gladstone bag in his trunk and a hat-box tied to his tail." Here the venerable old weather-prophet winked at Munchausen, and the little quarrel which had been imminent passed off in a general laugh.

"Where's Boswell? He ought to get that tale," said Johnson.

"I've locked him up in the library," said Holmes. "He's in charge of the log, and as I have a pretty good general idea as to what is about to happen, I have mapped out a skeleton of the plot and set him to work writing it up." Here the detective gave a sudden start, placed his hand to his ear, listened intently for an instant, and taking out his watch and glancing at it, added, quietly, "In three minutes Shem will be in here to announce a discovery, and one of great importance, I judge, from the squeak."

The assemblage gazed earnestly at Holmes for a moment.

"The squeak?" queried Raleigh.

"Precisely," said Holmes. "The squeak is what I said, and as I always say what I mean, it follows logically that I meant what I said."

"I heard no squeak," observed Dr. Johnson; "and furthermore, I fail to see how a squeak, if I had heard it, would have portended a discovery of importance."

"It would not—to you," said Holmes; "but with me it is different. My hearing is unusually acute. I can hear the dropping of a pin through a stone wall ten feet thick; any sound within a mile of my ear-drum vibrates thereon with an intensity which would surprise you, and it is by the use of cocaine that I have acquired this wonderfully acute sense. A property which dulls the senses of most people renders mine doubly apprehensive; therefore, gentlemen, while to you there was no auricular disturbance, to me there was. I heard Shem sliding down the mast a minute since. The fact that he slid down the mast instead of climbing down the rigging showed that he was in great haste, therefore he must have something to communicate of great importance."

"Why isn't he here already, then? It wouldn't take him two minutes to get from the deck here," asked the ever-suspicious Le Coq.

"It is simple," returned Holmes, calmly. "If you will go yourself and slide down that mast you will see. Shem has stopped for a little witch-hazel to sooth his burns. It is no cool matter sliding down a mast two hundred feet in height."

As Sherlock Holmes spoke the door burst open and Shem rushed in.

"A signal of distress, captain!" he cried.

"From what quarter, to larboard?" asked Holmes.

"No," returned Shem, breathless.

"Then it must be dead ahead," said Holmes.

"Why not to starboard?" asked Le Coq, dryly.

"Because," answered Holmes, confidently, "it never happens so. If you had ever read a truly exciting sea-tale, my dear Le Coq, you would have known that interesting things, and particularly signals of distress, are never seen except to larboard or dead ahead."

A murmur of applause greeted this retort, and Le Coq subsided.

"The nature of the signal?" demanded Holmes.

"A black flag, skull and cross-bones down, at half-mast!" cried Shem, "and on a rock-bound coast!"

"They're marooned, by Heavens!" shouted Holmes, springing to his feet and rushing to the deck, where he was joined immediately by Sir Walter, Dr. Johnson, Bonaparte, and the rest.

"Isn't he a daisy?" whispered Demosthenes to Diogenes as they climbed the stairs.

"He is more than that; he's a blooming orchid," said Diogenes, with intense enthusiasm. "I think I'll get my X-ray lantern and see if he's honest."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE TRIAL OF MR. RHODES.

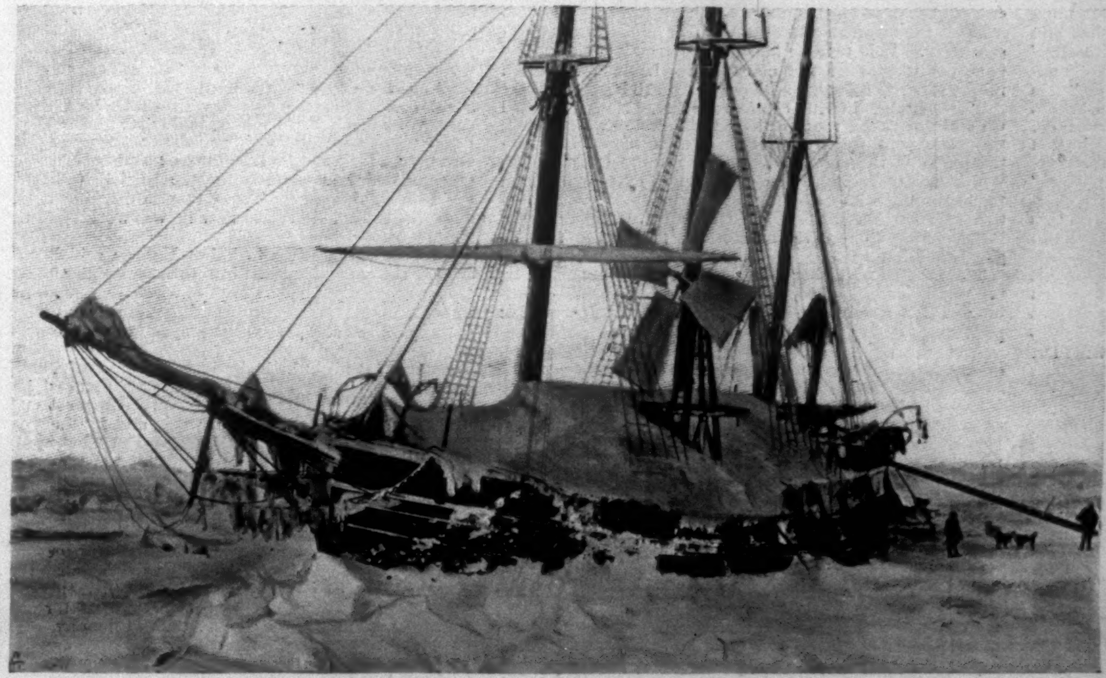
No attempt has been made to lend an appearance of dignity to the proceedings of the South Africa Committee. The sittings are being held in what is known as the Commission-Room, off Westminster Hall, which makes a large but gaunt and unattractive court-house. Only a small portion of the room is taken up by the seats of the committeemen, and the chairs and benches for lawyers, journalists, and privileged spectators. The rest of the hall is as bare and uninviting as the board-room of ordinary company directors. The general public has been rigorously excluded, and society, as eager to-day to honor Mr. Rhodes as it was a hundred and ten years ago to honor Warren Hastings, forced to be content with the newspaper reports of the trial it had hoped to witness. The Prince of Wales put in an appearance daily so long as Mr. Rhodes was on the witness-stand, and followed his evidence closely and with obvious interest. Dr. Jameson, too, was there, still showing the effects of his imprisonment, and lords and Members of Parliament were plentiful. But as a spectacle the inquiry has not been by any means equal to its political importance.

Public interest in the committee will probably soon die away, now that Mr. Rhodes has given his evidence. With him departs whatever theatrical interest the inquiry possessed. The evidence still to be taken, with the exception of Dr. Jameson's, will be that of subordinates and minor officials on details of which Mr. Rhodes was ignorant. The peculiar fascination of his disclosure was that stay-at-home Londoners were able to listen to this Napoleon of South Africa on his brilliant and adventurous career. Less interest was felt in what he had to say than in the manner in which he would say it. Everybody knew that he was responsible for the raid, and it was hardly expected he would be able to throw very much more light on its inception and failure. But there was some doubt as to whether he would adopt a defiant or friendly attitude towards the committee. Very wisely he submitted meekly to their "assiduous attentions." His evidence was clear, bluntly expressed, and characteristic of the man. It gave him a rare opportunity of acquainting England with the scope of his South African policy, and he seized it deftly. Sir William Harcourt was the first man to take him in hand. Sir William is an old lawyer, and obviously enjoyed the conflict of wits. The contrast between the two men was perfect. Mr. Rhodes had a grasp of a few broad principles, which he took every chance of enforcing. Sir William dealt in minute, particular instances. Mr. Rhodes knew nothing of details; Sir William was primed with them. Mr. Rhodes had no aptitude for intellectual fencing; Sir William took delight in forensic jugglery. The want of common ground between the two men led to some interesting passages. Sir William, for instance, was pressing the witness about his proceedings during the days immediately following the raid. Mr. Rhodes said he remained at home all the time. "But," said Sir William, "I think you have forgotten you went to a cabinet council in Cape Town." Having verified his point, Sir William sat back with folded arms, conscious of having made a good point. "Oh no," replied Mr. Rhodes, "I didn't go to the cabinet. The cabinet came to me." This score greatly delighted the court. Mr.

(Continued on page 322.)

"I PHOTOGRAPHED HIM AND THE WALRUS."

A DEAD BEAR ON REINDEER ISLAND (AUGUST 21, 1893).

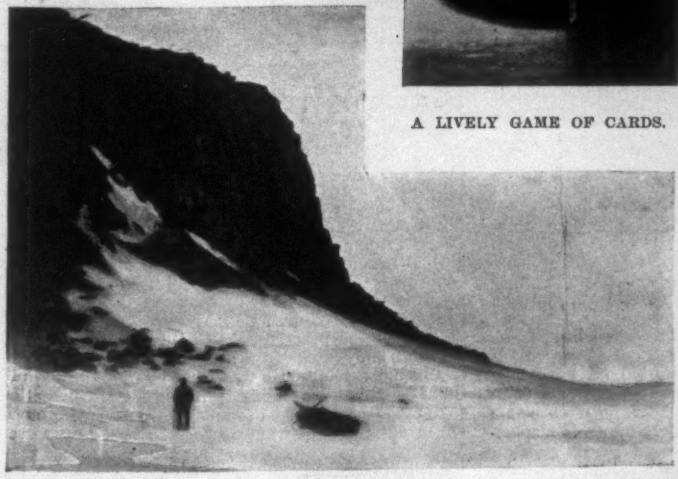


THE "FRAM" WHEN DUG OUT OF THE PRESSURE-MOUND AT THE END OF MARCH, 1895.

NANSEN TAKES A WALK.

A LIVELY GAME OF CARDS.

RETURN FROM A SNOW-SHOE RUN (SEPTEMBER 28, 1894).



BASALTIC CLIFFS.

A PADDLE ALONG THE EDGE OF THE ICE.

"FARTHEST NORTH."

Selections from Photographs taken on Dr. Nansen's Expedition.—[See Page 322.]

(Continued from page 320.)

Rhodes met another poser with equal ease. Sir William was anxious to know whether there had been any communications with the directors of the Chartered Company in London. Had Mr. Rhodes cabled to them? Had he instructed his agent to? No; he had not. "But perhaps you wrote?" insisted Sir William. Mr. Rhodes was quite tickled by the suggestion. "I never write letters," was the reply.

Mr. Rhodes's inattention to detail came out strongly in the course of his evidence. Sir William was pressing him about the checks drawn by Colonel Rhodes. Mr. Rhodes's explanation was very simple: "I said to my brother: 'I suppose you will want some money. Draw on me.'" The amount drawn, he thought, might be "two or three thousand." It turned out to be over £60,000. But it was when he came to deal out general principles of government and constitutional agitation that the real man shone out most clearly. "You will not," he said, in answer to some question, "at any time govern with a small number the huge mass holding all the wealth and paying all the taxes. You will never do it; it is an impossibility; and they will go on preparing for a change until they get their civil rights. That is what modern government teaches you." "I have very probably done wrong," he said again, "I feel myself morally very culpable, certainly. But let us suppose another case. I find that a number of people are going to Crete, and tremendous support is given to that movement. I say that that is exactly the same thing. I dare say it is wrong." "It was this way, you see. The minority cannot forever rule the majority. It is only a question of time. A change must come—must come. Ten years hence we shall say, 'There! it has come.' But it must come, as sure as you are sitting there. That's what you have to remember." "Are we to understand, Mr. Rhodes," asked one of his questioners, "that you deliberately advised unconstitutional action?" "Well, you know," was the reply, "that raises the whole question of what is constitutional and what is unconstitutional. Take Crete, now. The only difference in principle that I can see is that in Crete the claim for civil rights is made by foreigners, and that in the Transvaal it is made by your own people." These little bits of practical advice were thoroughly characteristic of the man. Indeed, at one time it looked as though Mr. Rhodes were examining the committee, and not the committee Mr. Rhodes. Mr. Labouchere's cross-examination produced surprisingly few facts, though it gave Mr. Rhodes much material for pithy discourses on protection, commercial industries, and the foreign relations of the Transvaal. Still, such as it was, Mr. Rhodes was no doubt glad to escape from it and to go yachting with Dr. Jameson in Holland.

SOMETHING ABOUT DOCTOR NANSEN AND HIS BOOK.

(*NOT* AN "INTERVIEW")

To the Editor:

Sir,—Although I have repeatedly had conversations with Dr. Nansen, I do not propose to write an "interview." I am no friend of this modern invention in which the reporter gets "comfortably ensconced in a seat," is "offered a cigarette," etc., etc., and then dresses up his copy as he supposes it to be best suited to the readers' fastidious palate.

I shall merely keep the promise I gave you, and write *something* about Nansen and his book. Would that I had never promised it, as more has already been written about this man, at his early age of thirty-five years, than has been written about other famous men when they were seventy.

Not long ago I once more took my accustomed walk along the fjord and out towards Lysaker.

As the noise of the town dies away in the distance, thoughts spring up in one's mind—and many and strange are the thoughts which have accompanied me. In the summer my thoughts travelled to the north, endeavoring to locate the *Fram* up there in the nightless deserts of ice, but in vain.

In the autumn, when the storm lashed the Christiania fjord and howled in the trees along the road-side, while the ice-floes crackled against the bank, my thoughts, full of anxiety and apprehension, took the same course, wondering whether the storm was also raging up there in the Cimmerian darkness, whether the *Fram* was rolling in open water or held fast in the viselike embrace of the ice!

But whether in summer or winter, spring or autumn, the ever-recurring query was always, "*Where?*"

Will it be three years, as he confidently predicted at the last parting hand-shake, or shall we still go on in uncertainty when the third year has gone by, and think, think, guess, guess, and hope?

However steadfast one's faith in Nansen, no one could shut out such thoughts and questions from his mind.

One thought there was which always raised tender feelings in one's heart—the thought of her who sat waiting out there at Godthaab.

What were her thoughts in the light of day, or in the darkness of night, or while the sun shone peacefully on the bright fjord, or when the storm howled in the chimneys and raged through the tall fir-trees round the house?

None could know, and, indeed, few could guess them, for she went about her duties as of old, and wore a smiling face to all the world.

Faith, unwavering faith, she doubtless had in him; but thoughts—who can ward them off?

It was warm and close, a southerly gale was chasing the black clouds over the sky, but what matters it? The *Fram* is again in port, and I am now about to greet them, to find the family assembled, "Liv," mother, and father under the same roof.

Yes, there he sat at his desk, as he sat three years before, with the same quiet smile and the same nod, and in the parlor sat Mrs. Nansen and "Liv."

Had those three years been a dream? Ah, no! but the whole difference was that then he was up in the polar seas, and now he is here. This is about the impression one gets from Nansen; he speaks of the expedition so lightly and off-hand, as if he and his companions had been on a somewhat lengthy snow-shoe tour in the neighborhood of Christiania.

What were his doings there? Ah, that is just what he is about to tell the world! A little has been heard in brief outline, but now the book is coming.

Among Nansen's many strong points an iron energy is certainly one of the most prominent. When a man becomes famous, innumerable proofs are soon forth-coming to show that as a matter of fact he has been great from his very birth. Yet, as regards Nansen, it may safely be said that he could never be described as quite an ordinary youth. His inflexible energy showed itself very early, and even when quite a lad his motto was, "Whatever you will, will it thoroughly." Whether it was play, action, or work, when anything had to be done he threw his whole strength into it, and this is what he has done in maturer life. When he was about to take a degree, he had been neglecting his studies for some time, and several of the masters at the school predicted his failure in the examination. But Nansen thought otherwise. He read from morning to night. When he was tired of sitting he fitted up a reading-desk at which he could stand and read, and thus alternating between standing and sitting, he studied through the day and through the greater part of the night, and passed.

Later on, when he was appointed curator at the Bergen Museum, he gave himself up so studiously to the work with the microscope that his friends became anxious, lest, having been so much accustomed to the open air, he should injure his health. But no! he persisted, and he accomplished something, and this was what he meant to do.

Those who saw Nansen at work when fitting up the polar expedition will never forget his untiring energy. It had to be done, and it was done.

It is not likely that Nansen has left his energy behind him in the polar basin. He returned home to Lysaker in September, and as soon as the rejoicings had somewhat subsided he locked himself in. He said "No" to every one who knocked at his door; he meant to write his book.

From the commencement of October he had worked unceasingly. It is true he had good diaries; but so many pages of diaries do not constitute a book, and Nansen meant to write a book, and he sat down to it.

The short-hand writer came every day. Nansen walked up and down the room or sat at the table and dictated; the work went quickly, but there were constant interruptions. Now it was an artist who came with a sketch which was to be looked over and set right, now it was a photographer who came for instructions concerning pictures, then again another artist on a similar errand, and his secretary to receive instructions for replies to telegrams and letters.

The London publisher would telegraph about one thing, the publisher in France about another. And while reading a letter from the German publisher, the Norwegian publisher would ring him up on the telephone, and so on.

And then all the inevitable consequences of fame: requests from all imaginable geographical societies to be favored with a lecture, numberless societies asking his consent to be elected an honorary member, deputations, official letters; hosts of more or less private invitations from Norway, England, Germany, and America, fawning requests for photographs and autographs. And Nansen does not like to be discourteous, he tried to answer all, and kept his secretary at work incessantly.

Yet I have heard people complain at receiving an answer through a "secretary."

One thing Nansen distinctly declined—he would not permit himself to be "interviewed."

One or two journalists did, indeed, manage to get some five minutes' conversation with him on the journey along the coast, and they made the most of their opportunity, but when he reached Christiania he firmly negatived all applications.

There was a whole staff of reporters assembled there, but all called on Nansen in vain.

An American magazine had an interviewer stationed at Christiania for a whole month, who offered Nansen a handsome sum for an interview, but in vain. But of course "interviews" and "talks" with Dr Nansen appeared all the same.

A German journalist who had never seen him wrote an "interview," in which he made Dr. Nansen talk of an antarctic expedition, of which Nansen himself knows nothing.

Still more amusing was an Englishman who was quite Nansen-mad. While Nansen was away he incessantly pestered Nansen's family and friends with silly inquiries concerning the "arctic hero," and when Nansen came to Christiania, of course the Englishman was there. One day when Nansen was sitting at dinner a message came in to say that he desired permission to see him.

"Tell him I regret I have no time." But word was sent back to say that he had come from England only "to shake hands with his arctic hero," he was not an interviewer, and Nansen, who seemed to be sorry for the man, went out and received him on the threshold, greeted him and exchanged a few words with him, but then excused himself and said "Farewell."

This will show what it means to be a great man; not only does he suddenly hear of interviews of which he knows nothing, but he has his own private house peopled with guests whom he has never invited or ever seen there.

However, interruptions may be of an agreeable kind.

"Liv," who was six months old when Nansen started, is now so delighted with this splendid big playfellow who had suddenly come home and calls himself "Far" (father), that she could not resist the temptation to steal in, to jump up on his knees, and to commence her prattle, and then the hero yielded, he was as yet so unaccustomed to his child's caresses. At another time a door would open and sounds of music would flow in from the adjoining room. Nansen loves music and loves to hear his wife sing, so the result would be a pause, though a short one, then, indefatigable and unwearied, he worked on again.

A quarter of an hour or twenty minutes' walk now and then was all the exercise he took.

However, energy is not all that is required in order to write a book. But Nansen *can* write.

Even at school, if the subject permitted, Nansen wrote excellent compositions. When he returned home from his first voyage to the polar sea, in 1882, he wrote some very lively descriptions of his polar-bear hunts, in a sporting paper.

Some years later on he published, in a daily paper, a description of his well-known snow-shoe tour over the mountains from Christiania to Bergen. His pretty descriptions of scenery, his manly vigorous style and poetical treatment, created quite a sensation. I remember once speaking to one of the older professors at our university, who said, "I must congratulate our country in having a young man like Nansen, who can feel and write thus." This was high praise, but I took notice of it because I knew Nansen.

His book about the expedition to Greenland is well known, but the book he has now written will rank infinitely higher, as all declare who have had an opportunity of seeing the manuscript and the advance sheets; and to judge from the parts already issued in Norway, we shall get the story of a *great work* told in a *great work*. As to this there is but one opinion.

"It opens magnificently; the introduction is like a solemn blast of the war-bugle," is what I heard a critic say, and then we have the "Farewell to Norway," with its exquisite and sublime sentiments. Humor runs through it everywhere, and often it is difficult to suppress a hearty laugh. Never before has a book been looked forward to with such intense expectation as Nansen's is looked forward to in Norway, nor has expectation been disappointed by what we have already seen of it.

Delightful disorder again reigned supreme in Nansen's room. Ugh! I well remember the air of desolation that struck me the first time I entered it after Nansen's departure, when all was in order, the table was empty, the whole room was lifeless.

Now the enormous table was covered with papers, manuscript, drawings, photographs, maps and charts, etc.; all along the walls stood articles connected with the recent expedition, although most of them have been placed in a special house which Nansen has been obliged to build. All was life and bustle again. Yet it did not look quite so bad as it did just before he started. Then the whole room was a repository of articles of the most heterogeneous description—sledges, snow-shoes, rifles, dubbing, cartridges, marmalade, raw silk, chocolate, boots and shoes, pemmican, preserved goods, etc., etc.—and amidst all this Nansen was working indefatigably. Now, too, he was sitting at work. How much thinner than before! On his arrival in Franz-Josef Land, after the most dreadful toils, he had gained twenty pounds. But his book had made him lose weight. I had never seen him looking thinner. He was working on a map. He undertook to have everything—texts, illustrations, and maps—ready for the English publisher by the 15th of January. The day was drawing near, this map was behind time, and now he was working at double speed.

It seemed a hopeless task, but Nansen said it *must* be done. His secretary came into the room with a telegram. "The English publishers inquire when the remainder will be sent."

"Say on the 15th," said Nansen, and turned to his work again.

Later on at night he had a little time to spare, and then I was shown many of the illustrations intended for the work. There are drawings by Norway's most eminent artists, Werenskiold, Sinding, Bloch, and by the younger ones, Eiebakke, Jorde, and Egedius. But what interested me still more was the splendid collection of photographs. It was a wonderful sight. The whole ice-desert, with all its silent mystery, was brought, so to speak, within one's grasp. It seemed almost too much of civilization, yet it was interesting. Here was the *Fram* in the ice, which was extended far away into immeasurable space; on one side the ice reached high above the vessel's hull. It made one shudder with cold to look at it. The photograph was taken by moonlight, and had been exposed for so long that the moon appeared like a streak in the sky. Another photograph showed Sverdrup, Scott-Hansen, and Blessing round the card table in the cabin. They were smoking, and looked very comfortable.

In another the *Fram* was again seen in the ice, but now it was summer, clothes were hanging out to dry, the men were loitering about, and the dogs were asleep in the sun.

Another was a group of the crew who remained behind when Nansen and Johansen had left the *Fram*; then views taken on their journey across the ice, views of ice hummocks, ice-floes, of walrus, and even of polar bears. Nansen, with a kodak under one arm and a rifle under the other, had taken two photographs of a bear approaching him, and which he afterwards shot.

A beautiful view of a sunset, taken on board the *Otaria*, with Mrs. Nansen's figure on the left, attracted my attention. "Yes, that is pretty," said Nansen. "And it shall be the last in the book."

There was a dirty-looking black thing lying on the table. "What is that?" I said.

"That is my diary, which I kept in my cabin." It was quite black, what with smoke and fingering—so black that in some places Nansen had recourse to a magnifying-glass to read it.

This diary was by no means the least interesting object I saw.

Thus the conversation continued until late into the night, and many and varied were the things that I heard; but as I am not sure whether it is permitted to tell tales out of school, I must hold my tongue and treasure up my recollections of that night among those of other less memorable occasions.

NEW UNITED STATES SENATORS.

Ex-Judge George F. Turner has been elected United States Senator from Washington to succeed Watson Squire, by the Populist and silverite majority of the Legislature. For ten years a leading Republican politician of his State, he left his party at the adoption of the St. Louis platform, and supported Bryan. It is singular that Judge Turner did not change his financial views till after he had become a large owner in one of the most prolific gold-mines of the West, in the vicinity of Spokane, where he lives. He was born in Missouri in 1850, received a common-school education, and removed to Alabama, where he studied and practised law. He became United States Marshal, and was a strong personal friend of Presidents Grant and Arthur. He was Chairman of the Republican State Committee, delegate to the national conventions of 1876, '80, '84, and one of the famous 306 who stood for Grant till the ship went down. In 1884 he was sent to Washington as Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the Territory. He has been thrice a candidate for the place he has now won, and in the new Senate will of course stand with the silver faction. Judge Turner is said to have acquired large wealth in his mining ventures.

The new Senator for Utah will be ex-Congressman Joseph L. Rawlins, unless his election should be successfully

contested before the Senate. Mormonism was a factor in the contest, and the influence of the Church fell to Rawlins, though a seceder to the Gentiles, as the lesser of two evils, when the defeat of its own candidate appeared certain. He was born a Mormon in 1850, but was educated at the University of Indiana. Two years a professor of the University of Deseret, he then began the practice of law, and became prominent as a Democratic leader. Mr. Rawlins defeated F. J. Cannon in the contest for delegate to Congress in 1892, and was influential in securing the admission of Utah to the family of States. He succeeds Mr. Cannon, and is an ardent adherent of free coinage.

The recent election, by the Idaho Legislature, of an honest but illiterate German farmer, Henry Heitfeld, to succeed to the toga worn by Senator Dubois is an interesting commentary on Western Populist ideals and methods. The Democrats and Populists had made a compact to support one of the latter party, throwing Dubois, a seceding Republican on the silver split, overboard as a sort of political Jonah. Old party lines were too strong to admit the new convert. The result of the fusion was the election of a person so utterly unfit as to make the event the laughing-stock of the nation. The new Senator is respected as an excellent farmer and stock-breeder, but it is said that he has the slightest tincture of education and speaks English with a broken accent, though born in St. Louis. He left the Democratic party to join the Populists in 1892, and in 1894 was elected to the Idaho Senate, where he has served three terms. He has never yet risen to make a speech.

The failure of the Florida Legislature to elect a successor to Senator Call has led to the appointment by Governor Bloxham of John A. Henderson, of Tallahassee, vice-president of the Florida Central and Peninsular Railroad.

Colonel Henderson is an active factor in Florida politics, though a Georgian by birth, his family having immigrated many years ago. He represented his county in the State Senate during the reconstruction period as a Democrat, and was the leader of his party in that body. He was an unsuccessful candidate for Congress in 1874, and served as State's Attorney for several terms. He is recognized as an able lawyer and a sagacious man of affairs. The new Florida Senator *ad interim* is about fifty years of age, and his appointment is said to be highly satisfactory to his party.

THE MARTIN MEMORIAL EXHIBITION.

There has just been given, in the gallery of the Century Club, a memorial exhibition of the landscapes of Homer Dodge Martin, who died last month in St. Paul at the age of sixty. The representation of his work was as complete as it was possible to make it. It was more complete than could be given in the cases of most painters, because Mr. Martin's canvases were so largely in the possession of his personal friends and admirers, who had acquired them on personal grounds at a time when his art was caviare to the general. So, indeed, it continued to be. And yet the view of this collection must have excited in every sensitive and cultivated lover of art who has been privileged to see it some wonder at the insensibility of the collectors of the last generation. They allowed these beautiful and poetic landscapes to go for pitiful fractions of the prices they were then paying for works that are now already obsolete, and that would look very queer in the company in which they would find themselves at this memorial exhibition. Homer Martin strikingly illustrated the saying that "every original artist must create the taste by which he is enjoyed." Born in Albany, and feeling early a vocation to paint, he found neither any models nor any instruction, except the then current English art, and the American art which was a pale reflex of it. It was this American landscape that came afterwards to be known as the Hudson River School. Of this phrase, which is now commonly used to denote that phase of American painting which began with Cole and has not yet altogether passed away, I believe Mr. Martin was himself the author. His earliest work was done in it, as was inevitable, since it was all that he had seen. Yet even in this manner he managed to give expression to a sensibility to aspects of nature that by no means impressed his contemporaries, and that gave his work individuality.

He soon came to see that the qualities which seemed to him most valuable in the works of nature were not imitable by the methods then in vogue. The "colored drawing" did not aim even to suggest the scintillations of light and color that he set himself to render. When the Fontainebleau landscapes began to be imported he hailed them with enthusiasm as far more to the purpose of painting than any that had been accessible to him before. He was one of the few to whom the first Corots, in particular, offered no difficulties. But these, however encouraging and inspiring he found them, did not offer him the solution of his own technical difficulties, at which he worked away for many years of experimentation, and with very little encouragement outside of his own. It was very characteristic of him that he should have been neither discouraged nor soured by the failure of his public to perceive his aim. "If I could only do it," he used modestly to say, "they would see it fast enough." But this was more modest than exact. Even after he had attained the capacity to "do it," to make canvas palpitate with light and color, as the visitors to the memorial exhibition know, the picture-buyers of twenty years ago still failed to "see it." He never became a popular painter. The recent cultivation of public interest in mural decoration would have given him his opportunity, but for him it came too late. The weakness of his sight had always been a drawback to him, and for the last few years it had been rapidly progressive. Before it disabled him from painting at all, it had operated a distinct change in his art. For between the prismatic and scintillating paintings of his prime and the "sober livery" of these later canvases, in which "tone" rather than color is the artist's quest, there is a wide interval. But these works of the twilight also have their own pictorial and poetic charm.

The phase of his nature that Homer Martin showed in his art and the phase that he showed in his companionship were so different that it was hard to reconcile them. The single-mindedness and austerity of devotion that are manifested in his pictures were replaced in the living man by a range of interest and curiosity to which scarcely anything human was foreign. His serious talk showed a singularly acute and alert intelligence, and was expressed with an exquisite precision of words that made it unfailingly interesting. Even this was sure to be enlivened, however, at unexpected intervals by a twinkling drollery that made it also delightful. Montgomery Schuyler.

Advice to Mothers.—Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. —[*Adv.*]

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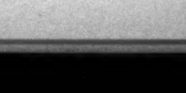
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(To be continued week after next.)

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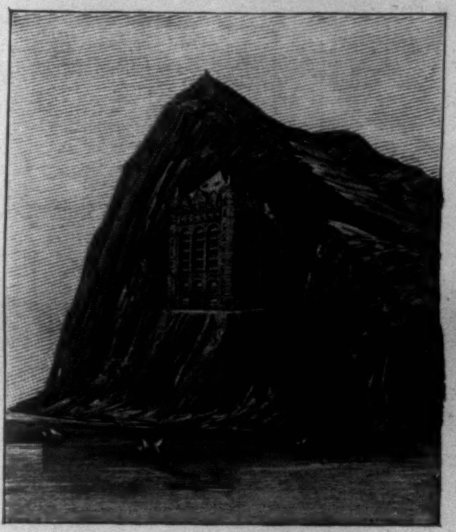

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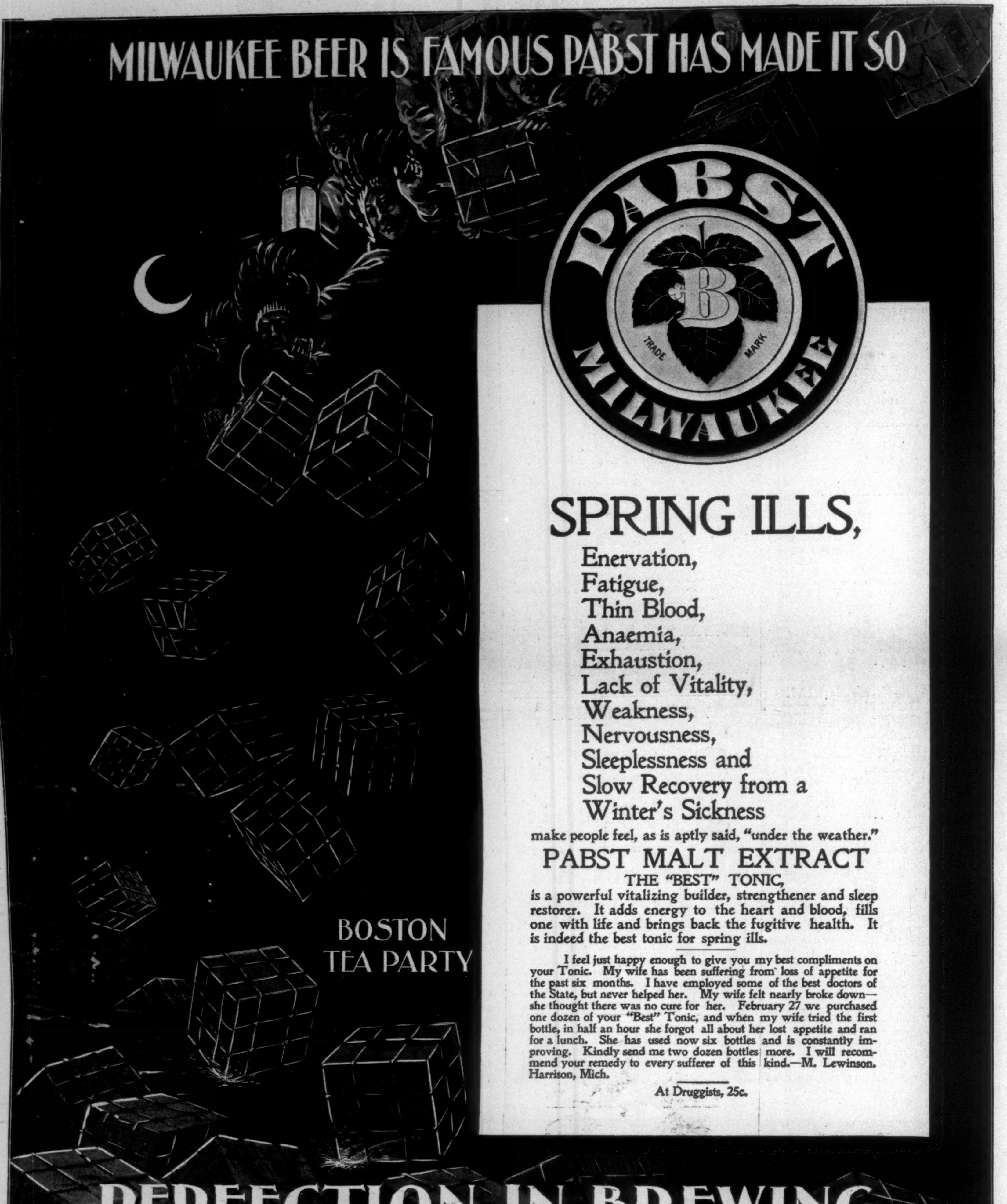
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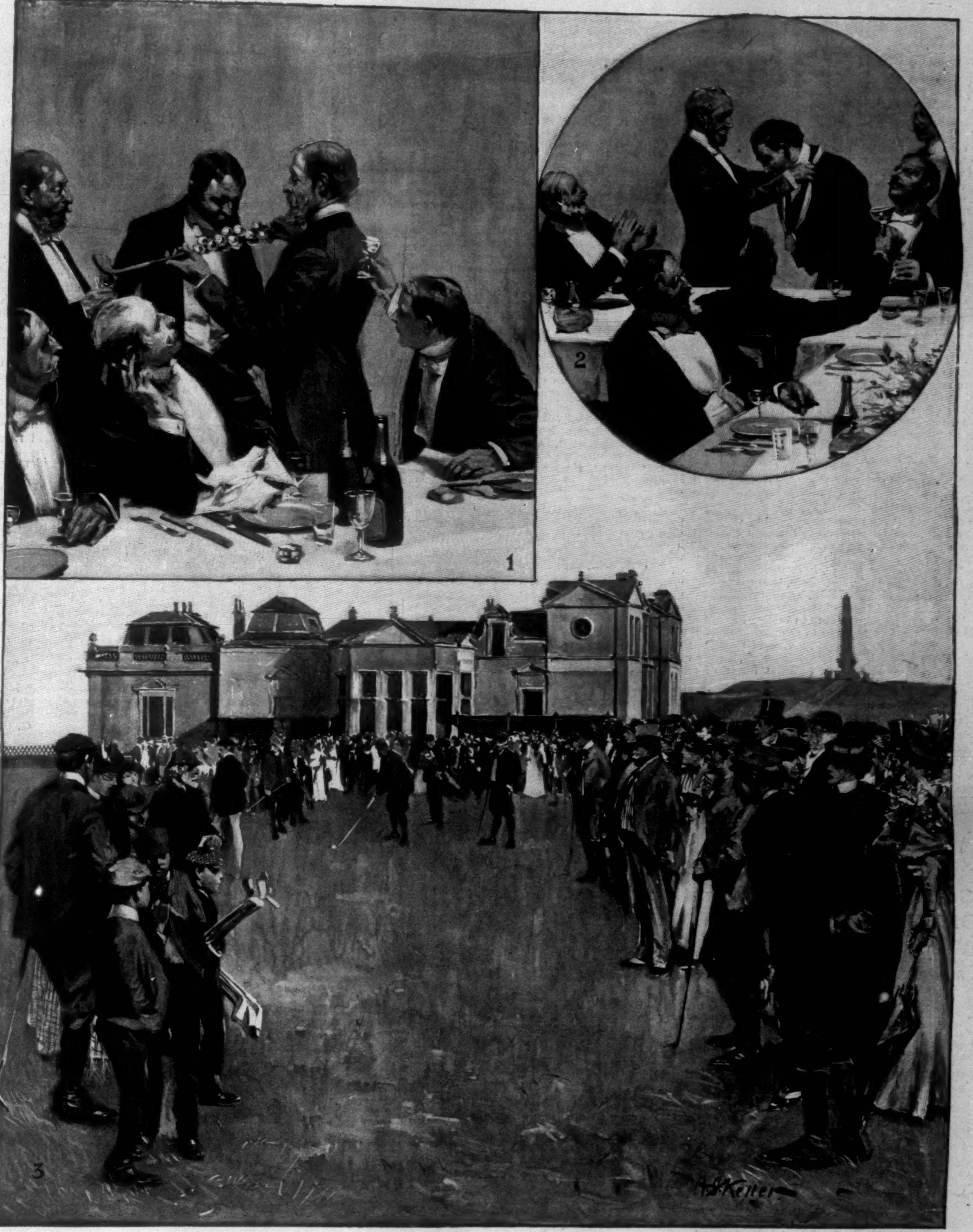

SCENES AT THE AUTUMNAL MEETING OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT GOLF CLUB OF ST. ANDREWS, SCOTLAND.
1. Kissing the Silver Balls in Token of Club Loyalty. 2. Presenting King William IV.'s Medal. 3. The Captain Strikes off for Queen Adelaide's Medal.

AMATEUR SPORT

MEETING OF THE ROYAL AND ANCIENT CLUB OF ST. ANDREWS.

The last Wednesday in the month of September has from time almost immemorial been the date of the autumnal meeting of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews. It is on that day that the members of this the premier club compete for the medal given them by King William IV.—a challenge trophy which goes to him who makes the lowest score in a single round of the links. It is on that day, too, that the captain-elect of the club plays himself into *de facto* captaincy by striking off a ball from the tee in front of the club-house; and it is on the evening of that day that the dinner is held in the club-house, with quaint ceremonies that recall old days. It is in this latter feature, rather than in the importance of the actual medal competition, that the meeting-day of the Royal and Ancient Club is notable. Championships, both open and amateur, no doubt redound with greater glory to their winners, but there hovers over this St. Andrews meeting the spirit of a vanished past, when men moved and golfed and had their being after a more stately wise, before our modern fuss and flurry and irreverence had pervaded the world. As the hour approaches at which the captain shall drive off, a crowd begins to gather in front of the club-house to witness the annual event. Small boys collect at a certain distance from the tee; for the captain will at first drive off a single shot only, thus formally "playing over the links and winning Queen Adelaide's medal," as the secretary will ceremoniously announce at the dinner in the evening, and the ball thus formally driven off is a prize to these youngsters—a prize which the captain himself will very probably redeem from the youngster who has possessed himself of it in the scrimmage, to hand it down, under a glass case, to his posterity, as the ball with which he won the captaincy of the Royal and Ancient Club. Now at this proud moment, while the captain is awaiting the stroke of the clock to drive off, and the municipal officer, in a singular uniform, is holding on to the cord attached to the cannon which he will fire at the instant of the captain's stroke—this moment is one in which the captain may find occasion for self-examination, and possibly for a rebuke on his fondest vanities. For it may be that he may imagine himself a fine golfer and a far driver, whereas these little caddies, expectant of his ball, have grouped themselves at a very moderate distance from the tee, implying that they expect but little of him in the way of length of drive. But he may well comfort himself with the thought that they are calculating on a natural nervousness to spoil his stroke; for it must need a man of iron nerve to hit his best with all the highest golfing talent and criticism regarding him, to say nothing of the imminent roar of a cannon, the soundness of whose metal is not above suspicion.

But the stroke, for better or worse, is struck; the cannon roars; the boys scrimmage; the crowd applauds. Then the captain tees up another ball, and strikes off again, partnered by the late captain whom his previous

stroke has just deposed, to try to win King William IV.'s medal, as well as Queen Adelaide's. It seldom happens, however, that the captain is chosen for great prowess in golf. Commonly he is a territorial magnate, or, at least, a fief laird; and these terms are not necessarily synonyms for first-class golfer. Therefore the crowd of spectators will seldom follow him out on his round. They will hang about the club-house until the first couple that includes a probable medal-winner starts from the tee, according to his number in the ballot. Him they will pay the compliment of following, intent on his every stroke, even all the way round the course until the finish, if he continue to play well. But if, on the other hand, he fare evilly, they begin dropping off from him, as rats desert the sinking ship, until he who set out with a great following returns, like Goldsmith's traveller, "unfriended, melancholy, slow," shorn of his retinue. All the day long knots of spectators will be seen following their favorites, and as the last couple holes out the last hole the gun roars again to tell the world that the meeting is finished.

This year the winner of the proud distinction, King William IV.'s medal, was Mr. Leslie Balfour-Melville. It is encouraging to all of us who are approaching the middle term of life to find the medal won by a player whose years are between forty and fifty. But it is to be said that Mr. Balfour-Melville's middle age, if so it may be called, is more athletic than the youth of most of us, and probably he plays golf rather better to-day than he ever played it. His winning score was 82, a good though not a remarkable score. Mr. Laidlay was a stroke more, and there were many between those figures and ninety. So in the evening, at the dinner, it fell to Mr. Balfour-Melville's lot, as it has often fallen before, to hear his name called out by the secretary as winner of the medal, and to be summoned to the captain's chair to have the medal slung by a fair blue ribbon about his neck. Following him went Mr. Laidlay, to be invested similarly with the order of the second medal. Then came the ordinary drinking of patriotic toasts and the good health of "golf and golfing societies," and, thereafter, observance of a singular custom. Among the insignia of the Royal and Ancient Club is a silver club, very massive. It is hung about with silver golf balls, and the custom is for each captain to hang to it a ball with his name engraved thereon. And if there be any new members at the dinner who have not performed the ceremony before, it is their duty to advance to the captain's chair, and there, beneath the benediction of the reverend A. K. H. B., honorary chaplain to the Royal and Ancient Club, to kiss the silver ball which the captain has hung upon the club, in token of loyalty to the club's traditions and homage to the authority of the captain. Possibly these customs may seem to some to have their share of foolishness, but more perhaps will agree that they have in them a pleasant flavor of antiquity.

The business meeting is wisely severed at St. Andrews from the dining business with its ceremonial. At many clubs we take the occasion of the club dinner for reading out the statement of annual accounts and so forth. These are no satisfactory aids to digestion, and the other is the better way. Business of importance, however, was transacted at the meeting in the club-house the day before the dinner. At our late amateur-championship meeting at Sandwich the delegates who look after the championship arrangements decided to ask the Royal and Ancient Club to bring forward a scheme for getting a permanent committee together to answer those many questions on the rules that crop up from time to time. We seem now to be within measurable distance of getting that committee. The Royal and Ancient Club suggests a committee of fourteen, of whom half are to be its own members, and the other half representative of seven other named clubs. The chairman, who is to have a casting vote, is to be a Royal and Ancient man, and the meetings, which are to be two a year, are both to be at St. Andrews. Moreover, the functions of the committee are to be interpretative merely of existing rules. No alteration or addition proposed by them is to become law until it has received the sanction of a general meeting of the club. It may well seem, looking at all these conditions, as if the Royal and Ancient Club were virtually appointing itself the arbiter, but this, in point of fact, is what we all of us have long wished the Royal and Ancient Club to do. We want a central body having authority, and the fact that this authority rests with the Royal and Ancient Club is just as we should wish it to be, and as really it always has been. Only, hitherto the authority has been tacit and implicit; now it will be affirmed and explicit. At present, however, the details of the scheme are referred to a committee of five, which is to report to the general meeting of the Royal and Ancient next spring, when the new legislative body, in all probability, will be called into material existence. The wonder is not that we should be going to have this committee at length, but that we should have lived so long without it, in spite of the very general desire for it. It only shows once more how happy is the country that is not too severely hampered by ancient golfing tradition.

Horace Hutchinson.

SPRING FANCIES.

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE.

A MARCH ETCHING.

A ragged trail of snow along the hedge
That marks where Winter's lingering feet have passed.
A blue-white sky with running clouds o'ercast.
Gaunt, huddled cattle shrinking from cold
Swift wind that smacks across the oozy wold
And whets the sunshine to a feather edge.

A SPRING DAY IN CENTRAL PARK.

Vague sky above—moist freshness in the air—
Pale, swarming green where springing buds unfold.
Upswelling germs that laugh at dark and cold.
Renewing lawns, outspread on every hand—
Green hopes that circle barren places; and
The whirl of Fashion's motley everywhere.

THE POSTAL CONGRESS AT WASHINGTON.

Congress at its last session passed a law, which will go into effect July 1, granting indemnity, not to exceed $10 in any one case, for registered letters or packages lost in the mail. This will bring the United States into line with the other countries of the postal union, as the insurance extends to foreign as well as domestic registered mail.

There are several points on which the United States cannot meet the other great nations in postal congresses. We have a remarkably fine postal system, and one which in many respects is a model for the whole world; but there are some details in which the United States has been left behind. One of these is the matter of a parcels post.

We have a parcels-post agreement with some of the countries south of us, but not with any European nation; and though the Postmaster-General has recommended to the President more than once that our parcels-post system be made general with the countries of the Postal Union, the President has never followed the recommendation. Therefore it is not possible to send a gift to any one in France, for example, from the United States unless it is a book or some other form of printed matter. Samples are admitted to the mails at a merchandise rate, and the postal officials say this leads to much petty fraud. People who have a small package of merchandise to post say that it is a sample, and so save the difference between five cents a half-ounce and one cent for two ounces—the letter and the sample rates.

Another particular in which foreign postal systems differ from ours is in the collection of money for goods delivered. In Germany you can ship a dozen eggs by parcels post C.O.D., and the government will return to you the eggs or their money equivalent.

Some foreign countries have adopted an identification system which provides for the issue of books containing a certificate of identity and a photograph duly attested by the government. These books are intended particularly to identify travellers to the local postal officials.

In Russia there is a newspaper subscription agency conducted by the post-office department. In the United States postmasters in small places act as subscription agents for newspapers; but this is a private enterprise, and one in which the government has no interest direct or indirect. In Russia the government conducts the agencies for subscriptions, and the people are forbidden to subscribe for papers in any other way. This is a part of the Russian system of surveillance. It keeps the police informed of the periodical news literature which every man is receiving.

A postal congress will be held in Washington, beginning May 5, and all these matters will be discussed by the delegates. Possibly their deliberations will influence Congress to make some changes in our own postal system which will bring it into greater harmony with those of European countries.

G. G. B.

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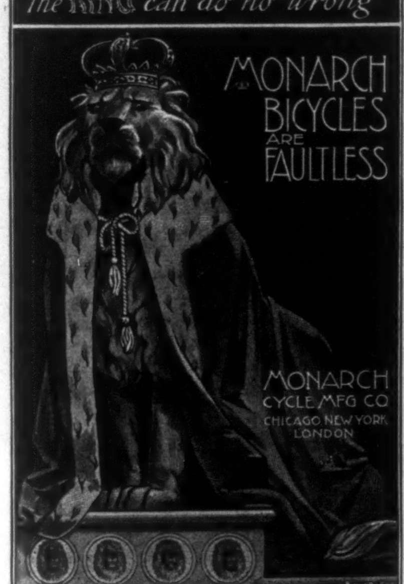

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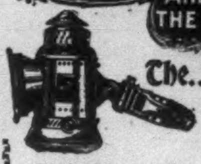

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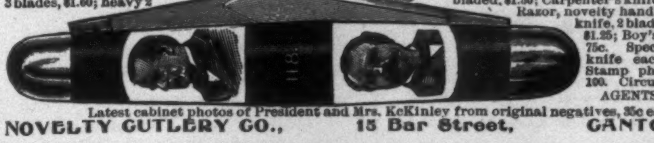

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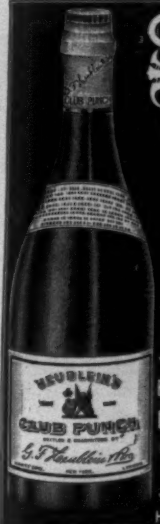

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